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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.,

At the Disunion Convention held in the City Hall, Worcester, January 15, 1857.

From The Liberator.

PHONOGRAPHIC REPORT BY MR. YERRINTON.

Mr. President: We are assembled to consider the expediency of seeking a dissolution of the Union. For my part, I am for the dissolution of the Union, and I seek it as an Abolitionist. I seek it, first and primarily, to protect the slave. My second motive is, to protect the white race. Primarily, it is an anti-slavery measure. I object to the letter of Mr. Wilson, and to all that argument of which his letter is a type, that it is treason to the anti-slavery movement—to the philosophy of it. No man deserves the name of Abolitionist who, in arguing the slave question, sets out with the assumption that any human institution is to be saved at all hazards, come what may of the slave. The gist of Mr. Wilson's letter is, that in no possible contingency, for no possible purpose, will he allow the Union to be touched. He is not a fit leader in the anti-slavery enterprise, if he lays down any such principle. I do not know where my opposition to slavery will lead me; but I do know this, that wherever it leads me I will go, until I reach the slave (loud applause). The Abolitionist gives no pledges to his fellow, except this—that he will make his way over every obstacle, in order to reach the slave. In Mr. Wilson's letter, and in that whole tone of argument of which it is the representative, the Union is a foregone conclusion. That is anchored. No matter how much you may prove against it—no matter how much the course of events may open your eyes to new interests and duties—no matter what form the question may take—you must pledge yourself not to touch the Union. How absurd the pretence of argument with a man who has made that pledge at the outset!—he is not fit to argue. On so momentous a question, we have no right to consider anything but truth and justice as settled—all mere institutions are afloat. We are launching a great argument; sounding on and on in the voyage of statesmanship, with nothing but despair behind. We do not know where our vessel will take us. Slavery is so momentous an evil, that in its presence all others pale away. No thoughtful man can deem any sacrifice too great to secure its abolition. The safety of the people is the highest law. In this battle, we demand a clear field and the use of every honourable weapon. Even the monuments of our fathers are no longer sacred, if the enemy are concealed behind them.

This, Mr. President, is my first claim upon every man who has an anti-slavery purpose. One of the greatest, if not the greatest question of the age, is that of free labour. I do not know—no man can prophesy—what sacrifices it will demand, no human sagacity divine what shape it will acquire in the kaleidoscope of the future. Nobody can forsee the combinations that will be necessary in order to secure liberty, and turn law into justice. The pledge we make to each other, as Abolitionists, is, that to this slave question, embodying as it does the highest justice and the most perfect liberty, synonymous as it is with Right, Manhood, Justice, with pure Religion, a free Press, an impartial Judiciary, and a true Civilization, we will sacrifice everything. If any man dissents, he is not, in any just sense, an Abolitionist. If he has not studied the question enough to know, that it binds up in itself all considerations of government, then he is not worthy of being called an Abolitionist. The fate of four millions of slaves, linked as it is with the welfare of the white race, with the purity of religion, with freedom of conscience and thought, with civil liberty, with an impartial judiciary, with personal character, with all civil rights, is a question deserving of every sacrifice. Then, when you come to the Union—what is it? This momentous something, to which every possible importance of the slave question is to be sacrificed—what is it? What has the Union ever done? Where are its merits? Who knows them? Who has stated them? I know of but one: it has preserved peace between thirty-one States—that is all its virtue!

Mrs. Abby Kelley Foster (interrupting)—Is that a merit?

Mr. Phillips—They who look on peace as a necessary condition of all progress or civilization would doubtless so regard it. For my own part, I do not think that peace between sin, and servility masquerading as virtue, is a benefit! (Loud applause.) I think, when Massachusetts undertook to be the bloodhound of South Carolina, in order that there might be peace between two States, it was an exceedingly doubtful benefit. What else has the Union ever done? Some claim that she is the mother of commerce. I doubt it. I question whether the genius and energy of the Yankee race are not the parent of commerce and the fountain of wealth, much more than the Union. That race, in Holland, first created a country, and then, standing on piles, called modern commerce into being. That race, in England, with territory just wide enough to keep its eastern and western harbours apart, monopolized for centuries the trade of the world, and annexed continents only as treasure-houses wherein to garner its wealth. Who shall say that the same blood, with only England for its anchorage, could not drag the wealth of the West into its harbours? Who shall say that the fertile land of Virginia and the Mississippi enriched her because they willed to do so, and not because they were compelled? As long as New England is made of granite and the nerves of her sons of steel, she will be, as she always has been, the brain of North America, united or disunited; and harnessing the elements, steam and lightning, to her car of conquest, she will double the worth of every prairie acre by her skill, cover ocean with canvas, and gather the wealth of the Western hemisphere into her harbours.

I dispute, then, the value of the Union; I do not believe in it. Grant all it claims as the parent of wealth, it has not produced men. Deniel Webster said that the virtue of the colonial institutions was, that they produced Washington. The sin of the Union is, that it manufactured Webster (laughter and applause). Carlyle says, the test of governments is the *men* they make. Where are our *men?* The Colonies produced the Revolutionary men; in the "full tide of successful experiment," we have resulted in Caleb Cushing and Franklin Pierce, and the knaves of the present day! That is the full bloom of the Union!

The highest test of government is as a school. It is noble men that prove noble governments. Where are they? The education of the nation, political and civil—that is the government. What has it amounted to? I do not consider that ricketty machine at Washington as the government. The government is in the elements which produce the national character, and these elements the Union, so far as it has had any power, has influenced to the result of producing such a people as now covers the thirty-one States. The Union! Why, it has so chilled the heart of Massachusetts that, like a whipped spaniel, she skulked among her hills when her Senator was beaten almost to death in the national capitol. The Union! It has brought thirty States to the level, that they see, crowded into the brief history of Kansas, every despotic aggression which chased the Stuarts out of England, and changed her government; and yet these tame States vote the same policy into office, after such an exhibition! The Union to which Mr. Wilson undertakes to sacrifice every possibility of the slave question, has yet to find the first good thing that it has done for twenty millions of people. For Longfellow, the Union is a gallant bark that outrides the storm. A storm! When have we met one till now? Fair weather, halcyon seas, constant prosperity, have been our history; a boat with every other plank torn off, or a Chinese junk, would have found it difficult to sink (laughter). This is the first storm that has ever assailed her, and now men counsel giving up the voyage and skulking into harbour, for fear of being sunk! Who cares for the "forge" or "heat" in which were shaped the "anchors" of such despair? What is a government? It is a machine for education; and it is *free speech* that endangers this government! *Free speech*, the highest attribute of man; and yet it is the discussion of a great moral question that endangers the government! Then the sooner it goes to pieces, the better! As John Quincy Adams said to Charles Sumner, when he stood by his sick bed in Boston, "I hope to go back to Washington, in order to teach this Mr. Daniel Webster that there is something better that the Constitution of the United States—the justice and liberty which it was intended to preserve" (loud cheers).

I object, therefore, altogether, to this exaggerated value placed upon the Union. I do not believe in it. I do not believe history can be made hereafter to bear witness to any high value in the Union. This has been a decent government in its day, but it is pregnant with momentously bad results. It has prostituted the pulpit—it has made the people cowards—it has made slavery triumphant—it has made literature vassal and corrupt—it has transformed twenty millions of people into slave-catchers. What a history! We launched out with the popular determination that the territory of the Union should be secured to liberty. The spirit with which we set out, under the ordinance of 1787, made all national territory sacred to liberty. We came down to 1819, and cowardice, born of the Union, gave up half; we came down to 1852, and treason in the garb of cowardice gave up the whole to slavery. Behold the history of the Union! Willingly do I join issue with the Union-worshippers on the value of their idol. I say, the Fugitive Slave law was not possible, and could not have been executed in the city of Boston in 1789; it was executed there in 1850. Apply the torture of any circumstances to John Jay, Luther Martin, Chancellor Wythe, Patrick Henry, and never could you extort such speeches as Daniel Webster made the last two years of his life. The Union—behold the value of it! If property be everything—if, as Daniel Webster said, the whole purpose of our government is to protect property—I do not know but possibly banks make better dividends with the Union than they would without, though of that I have serious doubts; but if men be the object of government—if liberty be the object of government—if high thought, high character, a noble party, a noble State, with noble impulses, be the test of government, this Union is a failure; for the character of this nation has been so barbarized in fifty years, that we must hide our faces when we compare the Senate of to-day with that over which even Aaron Burr presided. Look at the outrage on Charles Sumner! Men have been assassinated before. If a man trusts himself with gold in the purlieus of great cities, he is very likely to be assassinated. One who quarrels with drunken bullies in the haunts of vice, risks assassination. But did you ever see before, in the Senate chamber, the focus of a civilized State, the Capitol on which millions of eyes are fixed—did you ever see an assassination there, with half a score of what are called the "statesmen" of the land looking on, still and silent? I undertake to say, that in view of all the circumstances, the outrage on Charles Sumner is not to be paralleled in the history of civilized States. You never saw the assassination, in cool blood, of an unarmed man, with twelve of his peers, the foremost men in office, in a civilized community, present, and not an arm lifted in his defence; and yet you now see a State, and perhaps one-half of the whole country, daring to vindicate and applaud such an act. That is the barbarism to which the Union has brought these States. You know it stands out in all history as the atrocious crime which countervailed all the merits of Oliver Cromwell, that he undertook to put his military boot on the Speaker's mace in the House of Commons. Every man who has written history since has regarded that as the lowest point which English history has ever touched. That very act was repeated on the virgin soil of Kansas, and it hardly waked a ripple on the calm sea of American life. Such is the result of a Union to which men are told to sacrifice justice, liberty and honour, the welfare of the slave, and an effectual resistance to the Slave Power! I do not believe in it. I would like to have those men who are ringing perpetual changes on the Union come here, and tell us what good the Union has ever done. It has made our large cities the scenes of riot and of fugitive slave surrenders; it has filled our pulpits with Deweys and Adamses; it has filled our literature with Hillards, and Pierponts, and Bancrofts. I curse the Union in behalf of the white man, as well as a friend of the black race. There never was a greater mistake than this idolatry of the juggle of a Union, and never until we cut loose from it shall we have any hope of a system of honourable government, or any right to respect ourselves.

I do not, then, tremble to approach the question of breaking up the Union. I have no faltering fear, no timid balancing of the arguments;—my inmost soul is penetrated with the conviction that it is a magnificent conspiracy against justice, and accursed of God (loud applause). Every page of our history since '89 is black with the Union. There is not a page of it to which an American can recur with any pride or honour; and when a pen as impartial as that of Hildreth writes that history, you see it—every man must see it. It is nothing but the vain-glorious eulogy of Fourth of July orators; the swollen selfishness of wealth eager for more gain; or Commerce, crying "Hush!" in order to have customers; of merchants, in trembling deference to somebody out of whom they expect to make a dollar profit; it is only petty lawyers like Curtis, who imagine, because they can draw writs, they can meddle with statesmanship (laughter and applause), that have undertaken to show the value of the Union. It is rotten all over! It is one great sore! It has proved on a magnificent scale, as if written by the finger of God "betwixt Orion and the Pleiades," that Lamartine was right when he said, "Man never fastened one end of a chain round the neck of his brother, that God's own hand did not fasten the other end round the neck of his oppressor" (cheers). It is one great lazaar-house of slave and slaveholder, with the North buying coward bread in office by dastardly silence, and vociferating "Great is the Union!" in voices thick with blood.

I go for the dissolution of the Union, first, as an Anti-Slavery measure. I would put it to every man who loves the Constitution of the United States in its esssential features, if he would vote for that instrument to-day, as it stands? I do not believe there is a Republican who hears me, who, if he were standing to-day, as men stood in 1789, and this Constitution lay on a table before him, and he were asked, "Will you vote for it?"—I do not believe, I say, that there is a Republican who hears me who would vote for it. You may bolster up the Constitution as something which, having come down to you from the fathers of the Government, you are bound to support; but is there a man who, if he could have his choice, would to-day say "Aye" to that Constitution? You know there is not; and every argument that undertakes to make it out faultless, is only an attempt to hold it up because it exists, and because men suppose it for their interest to maintain it.

In the first place, my opposition to the Union is one of personal honour and duty; and this is the strongest consideration—the nucleus; all the others are incidental, secondary. It is a question of personal honour and duty with me. I am not going into the question of the technicalities of the Constitution—I do not care now about them. For the purposes of this hour, we may take it for granted that the Constitution, as at present interpreted and executed, is a pro-slavery Constitution—used by Slavery for its own purposes; that the power of dictating the course to be pursued under that Constitution is in the hands of the Slave Power. You know what that Slave Power is. I do not mean by that phrase an exclusively Southern power. The Slave Power is here in Worcester just as much as in Charleston, S. C. The Slave Power is three-fold: it has the power of wealth—two thousand millions of dollars invested in slaves, drawing to it the sympathy of all other kinds of capital. That is the first power, and in the nineteenth century the money sway is omnipotent. Then it has, secondly, the aristocracy of the Constitution; and, thirdly, the prejudice against colour. The aristocracy of the Constitution!—where have you seen an aristocracy with half its power? You may take a small town, here in New England, with a busy, active population of 2,500, and three or four such men as Gov. Aiken, of South Carolina, riding leisurely to the polls, and throwing their visiting cards in for ballots, will blot out the entire influence of that New England town in the Federal Government. That is your Republicanism! Then, when you add to that the element of prejudice, which is concentrated in the epithet "nigger," you make the three-straned cable of the Slave Power—the prejudice of race, the omnipotence of money, and the almost irresistible power of aristocracy. That is the Slave Power. Whatever you make of the Constitution, its administration is in the hands of the Slave Power. When Henry Wilson goes up to the Senate of the United States—if he wishes a part of that Government—he must vote men into office, and vote men to carry on the Government; and he knows, if he carries it on, he carries on the Slave Power. He knows that when he pays John McLean, the Judge of Ohio, he pays him for returning fugitive slaves ("hear," "hear"). When he votes Judge Leavitt's salary, he votes to pay him for that trick that plunged Margaret Garner back into the hell of bondage, and cheated the State of Ohio out of her rights; and I want to know when or where the Republican party, or any other party, ever avowed their purpose to be to get the power of this Government into their hands in order that no dollar in its treasury shall be allowed to go for the support of the Slave Power? Until they do this, politics is personally dishonourable to an Abolitionist. It is paying a Government two-thirds of which is directly, and the other third indirectly, covered all over with pro-slavery service, from the Judge on the Supreme Bench, down to the Marshal in the Courts. The bill which was paid for returning Anthony Burns was so mixed up with the salaries of officers that it could not be disintegrated without stopping the whole appropriation bill. I deem the noblest piece of work the Republican party ever attempted was the effort to stop the appropriation bill. Chief Justice Marshall said once, that whenever Senators were omitted to be chosen, the United States Government fell to pieces. Why do you not let it fall to pieces? As at present constituted, it is the right arm of the Slave Power, and you know it. South Carolina cannot breathe nor get her food a day out of the Union. Bankrupt, she talks of "walking out of the Union"! Let her beg money to buy the crutches she stands on first! (Laughter and applause.)

I say, sir, it is a matter of personal honour and duty with me. I do not see how any man can volunteer the slightest amount of personal or pecuniary support to a Government which, whatever was its intent in 1789, is now practically a pro-slavery institution. I thanked God when I looked into the eyes of Anthony Burns, and, in reply to his agonized inquiry, "Can you do nothing for me?" was obliged to answer, "Nothing"—I thanked God that at least I could say, "I never lifted a finger to build one stone of the Government that is resting upon your heart to-day." That Government returned Anthony Burns; that Government is organized year after year, and every dollar in its treasury is spent in direct or in indirect support of slavery. You know a religious man, for instance, protests against idolatry, and the support of idolatrous Governments in Asia. Here is a Government just as much permeated by slavery as China or Japan with idolatry, and I cannot vote under it, nor voluntarily support it. I do not care for parchments; they are not the Government. There are elements beneath the parchment that fashion the Government, and among these elements, first and beyond all others, is this Slave Power, which controls the Union. I do not know what it may be ten or fifteen years hence; I do not know what it may be when it is changed; I only know what it is now, and I say, no Abolitionist can support it. If there is any man who can tell me how, I should like to have him do so.

Then, again, how is the Republican party ever to gain supremacy in the Government? Certainly, by turning every atom of patronage and pecuniary profit in the keeping of the Federal Government to the support of freedom. You know that the policy has been always acted upon, ever since Washington—and it has been openly avowed ever since Fillmore—that no man was to receive any office who was not sound on the slavery question. You remember the debate in the Senate, when that was distinctly avowed to be the policy of Mr. Fillmore. You remember Mr. Clay letting it drop out accidentally, in debate, that the slaveholders had always closely watched the Cabinet, and kept a majority there, in order to preserve the ascendancy of slavery. This is the policy which, in the course of fifty years, has built up the Slave Power. Now, how is the Republican party ever to beat that Power down? By reversing that policy, in favour of freedom. Cassius Clay said to me, two years ago, "If you will allow me to have the patronage of this Government five years, and exercise it remorselessly, down to New Orleans—never permit any one but an avowed Abolitionist to hold office under the Federal Government—and I will revolutionize the slave States themselves in two Administrations." That is a scheme of efficient politics. But the Republican party has never yet even professed any such policy. Mr. Greeley, on the contrary—and I take the Republican party as the highest type of political action at the present time—avowed, in *The Tribune*, that he had often voted for a slaveholder willingly, and he never expected the time would come when he should lay down the principle of refusing to vote for a slaveholder to office; and that sentiment has not only been reiterated by others of the Republican party, but has never been disavowed by any one. Suppose that you could develope politics up to this idea, that the whole patronage of the Government should be turned in favour of Abolition. It would take two or three generations to overturn what the Slave Power has done in sixty years, with the power of aristocracy and the strength of prejudice on its side. With the patronage of the Government in its control, the Republican party must work slowly to regenerate the Government against those elements in opposition, when, with them in its favour, the Slave Power has been some sixty years in bringing about such a result as we see around us. To reverse this, and work only with the patronage of the Government, it would take you long to effect the cure. In my soul, I believe that a dissolution of the Union, sure to result speedily in the abolition of slavery, would be a lesser evil than the slow, faltering, diseased, gradual dying out of slavery, constantly poisoning us with the festering remains of this corrupt political, social and literary state. I believe a sudden, conclusive, definite disunion, resulting in the abolition of slavery speedily, in the disruption of the Northern mind from all connection with it, all vassalage to it, *immediately*, would be a better, healthier, and more wholesome cure than to let the Republican party, even if it could ever gain the power, exert this gradual influence through the power of the Government for thirty or sixty years.

We are talking about the best way of getting rid of a great national evil. Mr. Wilson's way is to put down the Union as a "fixed fact," and then educate politics up to a certain level. In that way we have got to live, like Sinbad, with Cushing, and Choate, and Hillard, and Hallett, and men like them, on our shoulders for the next thirty or forty years—with the Deweys and President Lords, and all that class of men—with the Hunker School Committees approving George Hillard's school-books, from which no young man, even with a million-power microscope, would discern that Whittier ever wrote an anti-slavery line—all this timid servility of the press—all this lack of virtue and manhood—all this corruption of the pulpit—all this fossil hunkerism—all this selling of the soul for a mess of pottage—is to linger—working in the body politic for thirty or forty years, and we are gradually to eliminate the disease! What an awful future! What a miserable chronic disease! What a wreck of a noble nation the American Republic is to be for fifty years!

That is Henry Wilson's cure—and why? Only to save a piece of parchment that Elbridge Gerry had instinct enough to think did not deserve saving, as long ago as 1789! He would leave New York united to New Orleans, with the hope (sure to be baulked) of getting freer and freer from year to year. I want to place her, at once, in the same relation towards New Orleans that she bears to Liverpool (applause). You can do it, the moment you break the political tie. What will that do? I will tell you. The New York pulpit is to-day one end of a magnetic telegraph, of which the New Orleans cotton market is the other. The New York stock market is one end of the magnetic telegraph, and the Charleston *Mercury* is the other. New York statesmanship! Why, even in the lips of Seward, it is sealed, or half sealed, by considerations that take their rise in the cane-breaks and cotton fields of fifteen States. Break up this Union, and the ideas of South Carolina will have no more influence on Seward than those of Palmerston. The wishes of New Orleans will have no more influence on Chief Justice Shaw than the wishes of London. The threats and party tactics of Brooks, Soulé, Blair and Benton will have no more influence on *The Tribune* than the thunders of the London *Times* on the hopes of the Chartists. Bancroft will no longer write history with one eye fixed on Democratic success, nor Webster invent "laws of God" to please Mr. Senator Douglas. We shall have as close connection, as much commerce; we shall still have a common language, a common faith and common race, the same common social life—we shall intermarry just the same, we shall have steamers running just as often and just as rapidly as now; but what cares Dr. Dewey, in New York, for the opinion of Liverpool? Nothing! What cares he for the opinion of Washington? Everything! Break the link, and New York springs up like the fountain relieved from mountain load, and assumes her place among decent cities (applause). We mean no special praise of the English courts, pulpit or press, by these comparisons; our only wish is to show that however close the commercial relations might continue to be between North and South, and in spite of that common faith, and common tongue, and common history which would continue to hold these thirty States together, still, as in the case of this country and England, wedded still by the same ties, the mere sundering of a political union would leave each half free, as that of 1776 did, from a very large share of the corrupt influence of the other.

That is what I mean by Disunion. I mean to take Massachusetts and leave her exactly as she is, commercially. She shall manufacture for the South just as Lancashire does. I know what an influence the South has on the manufacturers and clergy of England; that is irresistible in the nature of things. We have only human nature to work with, and we cannot raise it up to the level of angels. We shall never get beyond the sphere of human selfishness; but we can lift this human nature up to a higher level, if we can but remove the weight of this political relation which now rests upon it. What I would do with Massachusetts is this—I would make her, in relation to South Carolina, just what England is. I would to God that I could float her off, and anchor her in mid ocean! (Loud applause.) "Where shall disunion commence?" Why, if it cannot commence anywhere else, I would commence it round Plymouth Rock (cheers); begin again, and see if we cannot do as much in 236 years as our fathers did—create a great nation out of this wilderness. Would to God we had only the difficulties of an empty wilderness to deal with.

What I mean by Disunion is simply that breaking of the political arrangements and connections—you cannot break the others—which would leave us our Websters and Everetts—raw material, out of which, as Dr. Johnson said of Scotchmen, "if you caught them very young, you might make something" (laughter and applause); that is, if you caught them young, and subjected them to wholesome influences, kept them out of the fatal maelstrom of national temptation. Henry Wilson was a much more decent man when he was not tall enough to look over the fences of Massachusetts, than when he got so high that he could see as far off as Washington; then his head turned slightly, and now he values Washington far more than he did when his ambition was content with the little Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Then, if you ask me what influence this would have on slavery, I answer, it would have, in the first place, the influence of political economy; that, taking from the Government the support of Northern sympathy and countenance, the South would have to set about getting a government. Government is an expensive luxury. You must get taxes to support it. Where will you levy your taxes? They must rest on productions. Productions are the result of skilled labour. You must educate your labourer, if you would have the means for carrying on a government. Despotisms are cheap; free governments are a dear luxury—the machinery is complicated and expensive. If the South wants even a theoretical Republic, she must pay for it—she must have a basis for taxation. How will she pay for it? Why, Massachusetts, with a million workmen, men, women and children—the little feet that can just toddle bringing chips from the wood-pile—Massachusetts only pays her own board and lodging, and lays by about three per cent. a year. And South Carolina, with one half idlers, and the other half slaves, doing only half the work of a free man—only one quarter of the population actually at work—how much do you suppose she lays up? Lays up a loss! (Laughter.) By all the laws of political economy, she lays up bankruptcy—of course she does! Put her out, and let her see how sheltered she has been from the laws of trade by the Union. The free labour of the North pays her plantation patrol, we pay for her government, we pay for her postage, and for everything else. Launch her out, and let her see if she can make the year's ends meet. And when she tries, she must educate her labour in order to get the basis for taxation. Educate slaves! Make a locomotive with its furnaces of open wire work, fill them with anthracite coal, and when you have raised it to white heat, mount and drive it through the doors of Oliver Whipple's powder manufactory, and you are safe, compared with a slaveholding community educating its slaves (laughter and applause). But South Carolina must do it, in order to get the basis for taxation to support an independent government. The moment she does it, she removes the safeguard of slavery. What is the contest in Virginia now? Between the men who want to make their slaves mechanics, for the enhanced wages it will secure, and the men who oppose, for fear of the influence it will have on the general security of slave property and white throats. Just that dispute will go on, if ever the Union is dissolved. Slavery comes to an end by the laws of trade. Hang up your Sharp's rifle, my valorous friend! The slave does not ask the help of your musket. He only says, like old Diogenes to Alexander, "Stand out of my light!" Just take your awkward proportions, you Yankee Democrat and Republican, out of the light and beat of God's laws of political economy, and they will melt the slave's chains away! (Enthusiastic applause.) Take your distorted Union, your nightmare monster, out of the light and range of those laws of trade and competition; then, without any sacrifice on your part, slavery will go to pieces! God made it a law of his universe that villany should always be loss; and if you will only not attempt, with your puny efforts, to stand betwixt the inevitable laws of God's kingdom, as you are doing to-day, and have done for sixty years, by the vigour that the industry of sixteen States has been able to infuse into the sluggish veins of the South, slavery will drop to pieces by the very influence of the competition of the nineteenth century. That is what we mean by Disunion! (Applause).

The slaveholder says that the Union is his safeguard. Mr. Wilson is for preserving it at every hazard. I like to learn from the enemy. If the slaveholder loves the Union, I hate it; the love of so sagacious a tyrant is authority enough for my hate (applause). If the slaveholder clings to the Union, it is instinct. "Instinct is a great matter," says Shakspeare. Every Abolitionist that ever got his head above water was saluted by the title "Traitor!" The slaveholder knew what he was about when he said so, for he felt that if the man ever got his heart also above water, he would feel that treason was his first duty. The Union has been too great a temptation for Northern liberty. The South has bought up our great men faster than nature could make them (applause). It always will. It is true of our pulpit, of our literature, of our statesmanship—the temptation is too great. All the temptations of self-interest are on the side of slavery. You say you are going to change them. How are you going to change them? You cannot change them by the Sermon on the Mount. I do not doubt the power of the Sermon on the Mount in the long run. Truth will conquer, if you give her time. Centuries hence, Ideas will conquer even the material strength of the country; but to-day, in Wall street, two per cent. a month is its Sermon on the Mount (laughter); and as long as it is so, Wall street will bow before two thousand million of dollars, invested in slaves; and as long as that is so, the Bankses, who think themselves fortunate to get upon the steps of the Merchants' Exchange, will bow to Wall street, and its Gospel of two per cent. a month.

You cannot raise politics above the level of the average public sentiment. I know that, in the long process of time, we could reeducate the nation. But what new circumstances that far future may bring, I know not. We are working with the tools nearest our hands. I believe that Banks and Webster, and that class of men, are as good men as in the ordinary—the average. What I want is to tempt them to justice. When you want an Irish donkey to go ahead, you put a bundle of hay before his nose. That is just what the South does with every politician—it has a bribe for them all. As long as men like Caleb Cushing can have seventy million of dollars per annum to bestow in patronage, I have no hope for the nation; and I do not believe there is but one Caleb Cushing in all Yankeedom; Nature did not "break the die" when she had made him (loud applause). Suppose such a man, with seventy million of dollars to spend annually, to go out into the highways and byways, and into the House of Representatives of an Anti-Slavery Congress, and do you believe that within our day there is any hope of such a state of immaculate virtue, of high-toned honour, as will secure such a momentous triumph as that of Liberty against Slavery? I doubt it. At any rate, the most hopeful method of getting out of danger is not to struggle vainly against the Cataract of Niagara, but to get *out* of the sweep of the current. The Republican is forced to confess that the Slave Power is almost as omnipotent as the downward current of Niagara, and he proposes to go up the Falls! Now, disunion means to avoid them; or rather, it proposes to dig down the whole rampart of Table Rock, and produce a dead level, without a current (cheers). It proposes to take bad circumstances out of the way. It proposes to take down this Government that our fathers created, which is found not to work well. That is all it proposes.

Does any man think that anarchy will result? Why should it? Anarchy does not consist in the absence of parchments. The same conservative elements that keep the government in place now, will exist then. Massachusetts does not make money merely because South Carolina has the right to whip slaves. That is not the element of her prosperity. The element lies in the fact, as Ward Becher says, that there are more brains in a Yankee's hands, than in most men's heads. Therefore we make money; therefore we are a well-ordered State; and we shall always be so while that fact remains. Dissolution of the Union gets rid of slavery, because it is an artificial institution, backed up by artificial laws, which, when you let down the water to a common level, must go to pieces by the action of gravity. The dissolution of the Union is removing the dam. To-day the white man stands with his heel on the head of the slave. You and I stand behind him—you, voters, directly, and all of us, by the impossibility of making our protest fully known. When dissolution takes place, I do not say the slave will cut his master's throat, or burn his mansion-house. All I say is, that he will probably try to do it, unless the master plants in his heart a motive not to do so; and until he does, "God speed the first insurrection in the Carolinas!" I have no love for insurrections; but "Hands off!" is a good Saxon motto. Let the two races fight it out; and if the white man has no means of defence, by making the black man love him, then he will suffer for the misgovernment of two centuries. That is his own look out. Gen. Wilson says he "believes that the liberal, high-minded, *just* (!) men of the South will, in their own time and in their own way, bring about a safe emancipation." I never knew of a race of oppressors that was preached into doing justice; they have always been bullied into it. If any man thinks otherwise, let him show me a single instance where a powerful, despotic class ever voluntarily surrendered power out of its own hands. I believe in the slaveholder being brought to give bonds for good behaviour, by the circumstances in which he is to be placed, by the necessities of his position. Talk of chivalry! The whole South is one great magazine of cowards! Ten slaves in the upper corner of Tennessee are *suspected* (for they did not keep the poor fellows alive long enough to prove it), of an intention to rebel, and the easternmost corner of chivalrous Virginia trembles! too mad with fear to wait the second news from Tennessee, that there was no plot or purpose to rise. Our old Professor of Natural Philosophy, John Farrar, used to say to us—with great solemnity, "If I touch that spot the universe trembles." It was true; and when a slave makes an impudent answer on the banks of the Mississippi, South Carolina trembles. That is the chivalry of the South! That present fear is kept down by the consciousness that sixteen States, with their powerful free blood and organized strength, stand round the system. Take it off! That fear is God's own stimulus to virtue—let it have full play! When they set horses to run in the Roman races, each horse bears about him a little network of pointed pricks, that the faster he goes, makes him run yet faster. I would set the slaveholder to running, with four millions of slaves for the pricks (applause). Dissolution is my method for that race. Dissolution, in other words, is only the philosophy of letting natural causes have free play. I would take down the *dam* of the Union, and let loose the torrent of God's own watercourses; and, like every current, you may be sure it will clear a channel for itself (loud applause).

MR. BELLOWS ON THE UNION.

[*The European* copies a part of the letter of the Rev. H. W. Bellows to the Worcester Disunion Convention and replies to the same as follows.]

Mr. Bellows admits that "liberty and slavery are irreconcilable," but argues that liberty is secondary to certain other considerations which he enumerates. We differ from him entirely in his estimate of the value of liberty. He glories in the vast extent of the territory of the Union, and appears willing to sacrifice everything for the preservation of its supposed advantages. If he were right in this, the English should seek a federal alliance with Russia, and throw up all their liberties for the honour of belonging to such a great nation, as would be formed by a junction of the Russian and British Empires. Mr. Bellows is indifferent to the fact that the Government is in the hands of the slavocracy, who may compel him and his brethren of the North to go forth and establish slavery in Mexico, Cuba, Central America, &c.—he cares nothing about the reign of terror in the South—nor is he concerned about the legislation which the Southern oligarchy may choose to subject him to, or the foreign policy they may take upon themselves to adopt. He would prefer being a slave in a great nation like Russia, to being a freeman in a smaller country.

He says that the free States have the power to govern this Confederacy. We deny it utterly—they never have had, and never can obtain that power. It is an impossibility. The governing power is in the Senate, and how the South can be deprived of the mastery in that body, we should like Mr. Bellows to point out. At one time there was a chance of it, but that is lost forever. Let him not be deceived about this—the wealth and the population of the North will be used by the Government (*i.e.* the oligarchy) to extend and establish slavery, and then an absolute despotism will be erected upon the ruins of the Republic.

We do not consider that Mr. Bellows is right in saying that the prosperity of the Confederacy immensely exceeds the best hopes of the founders of the Constitution; on the contrary, it falls far short of what the friends of Republicanism expected, for they never supposed that poverty, immorality and crime would ever become so prevalent as they are at this moment under Republican institutions.

Mr. Bellows confounds size with prosperity—the country is larger than it was expected to be, for the acquisition of foreign territories was not provided for, nor was it held to be desirable.

As to the "*repute*" of the Confederacy, it is far from being good—it being known all over the world as the great propagandist not of liberty but of slavery. As to the "*statesmanship*" of the South, it has had but one object, the advancement of the real or supposed interests of the oligarchy, and the firm establishment of their power. But as they have succeeded in extending the area of the great republic, Mr. Bellows is mightily pleased, and that although at the same time the area of slavery has been expanded.

In return for this praiseworthy conduct, Mr. Bellows is willing to stand by them, now that he supposes them to be "threatened with internal convulsion." What can he mean by this, other than that the freemen of the North shall aid the slaveowners in keeping their slaves in subjection?

Mr. Bellows argues that if the free States cannot govern the Union under the existing Constitution they cannot prevent the overflow of slavery into a Northern Republic separated from the Southern States.

That is a palpable *non sequitur*. As the Northern Republic would not be cursed by an oligarchy of slaveowners—its government would be truly Republican—the welfare of the working-classes would be truly regarded, and the cause of liberty all over the world would be actively supported.

TAKING A LOOK AT SLAVERY.

Washington Correspondence of The Independent.

I have seen, during the present week, some of the beauties of the institution in its own home. Receiving an invitation to spend New Year's day with a personal friend, in a town some fifty miles inland from the Potomac, in Virginia, I complied most cheerfully. That I received the old Virginia hospitality, which reminded me of the world-renowned fame of her citizens for that virtue, you may be assured. Placed wholly at ease by my kind entertainer, and his pleasant and refined family, and with the largest facilities to pursue my investigation of the workings of the "peculiar institution," in my own way, I speedily found myself in a concourse of some thousand or fifteen hundred "human cattle," in the market for hire or sale. Your readers must understand that from Christmas to New Year is the slaves' yearly holiday. Upon New Year's day they assemble in the county town generally, and are "hired out" for the ensuing year, their masters being present, of course, to make the bargain, and transfer the lease of the property legally. The slaves mostly select their own masters or mistresses for the coming year; and if prices are satisfactory to the lessor and lessee, the arrangement is concluded. It was a strange sight to a Northern eye. Groups of these children of toil, with all the different hues, from the almost white to the inky black, were gathered in and around the principal thoroughfare of the town. All were busy, and my ears were almost deafened by the constant uproar. I mixed among them indiscriminately, listened to their conversation, and watched their countenances. A free introduction to the owners had been given me by my kind host, and I of course exercised my usual American trait of asking questions. I learned that the "hiring price" of a farm hand averaged one hundred and twenty dollars for the year, while the house-servants or girls were from sixty to seventy-five dollars. This includes board and two suits of clothes! The physician's bills in case of sickness are paid by the owner. As a general feature, the negroes *appeared* to be happy and joyful. Some of the more jubilant had imbibed too freely of the "worm of the still" in the shape of whiskey, which appeared to be plenty among them. But what a motley mass! As a whole, it appeared as if squalid poverty had given a fête to commence another year of unrequited toil. Here and there was a specimen of the coloured would-be dandy, and the efforts to put on airs and ape aristocracy were in perfect keeping with the brainless fops of many of our Northern cities—dresses ragged, filthy, fantastic, "old shoes and clouted on their feet," cotton handkerchiefs bound around the head, heads guiltless of a cover save the thick shock of curl which nature imparts, decayed bonnets, and hats in every stage of decay, were mixed indiscriminately; while one happy fellow, more lucky than his neighbours, had a new hat perched upon the crown of his old one, and was strutting about in the pride of its possession. Such greetings as took place after the yearly absence! None of the cold formal bows of recognition, and the extending of two digits to be shaken mechanically as per code of etiquette, but genuine hearty grasps of the hand—sometimes elephantine hugs which made my bones fairly shrink in sympathy—accompanied with a furious outburst of joy upon both sides. I turned away from some of those friendly greetings with tears in my eyes. Of course there was music and dancing, in which groups participated as fast as they had effected their hiring, and the business connected with their presence had been completed. Among the crowd, here and there, could be seen checks bathed in tears. God knows the cause. I did not pain my own bosom by an inquiry that could only pain without giving relief.

When the day's trade was nearly completed, about fifty of them, of their own accord and unsolicited, joined in the "Corn Song," so well known to your Southern readers. To describe it is beyond my power, but its impression will remain upon me while I retain consciousness. A leader sings a line which he improvises, and then the company all join in the chorus. A line or two I caught, but can give you no connection of them.

"I came from the Blue Ridge—Oh! don't talk
'But hard times.—*Chorus:* Oh! Oh! etc.
One hundred twenty dollars or dis chile
Go away.—*Chorus:* Oh! Oh!"

The chorus is simply a swell and change of the voice upon the vowel O, and is prolonged and repeated with the most singular effect. It is wild and stormy, and then plaintive and mournful, until your feelings rise and fall as upon an ocean swell of emotion. That mournful cadence haunted me in my dreams, and even now its gushing tide seems to break over my spirits and sadden me.

But the darkest and most painful scene was the sale of a man upon the auction block. Nerving myself up to as indifferent a pitch as my sensitive nature would permit, I took my st

freezing. I could find no place where they would permit me to sleep or give me anything to eat, but by the assistance of Mr. McElrath, one of the editors of *The Tribune*, I got a free ticket to Albany. In Albany I stayed in the station-house one night, and the next day obtained a free pass to Pittsfield. I had money enough to pay from Pittsfield to Adams, and from there came home on foot. Since I arrived at home I have not been able to sit up but little of the time. My back is very sore and lame, so that it is with difficulty I can move about.

I have now given you the facts in this case. You can use them as you like. I am not able to make out as full an account as I should like, but have given you the principal facts. If you or any one else wishes any further particulars, I am ready to give them any information they desire. Respectfully yours, JOSEPH L. BLODGETT.

DRIVEN TO THE WALL.

WE expected that Mr. Barnes's last volume—"The Church and Slavery"—would develope a new species of tactics on the part of the slavery-defending portion of the Church. And we notice that the *Christian Observer* (of Philadelphia) has opened the way by an editorial, last week, taking the ground that the human mind is so depraved, that its testimony cannot be relied on, with safety, when we discuss great moral questions. Mr. Barnes had said:

"I believe that a pretended revelation, to be received in the world, must not contradict the great and eternal laws which God has written in the souls of men, and which have been incorporated into the very framework of social life. I do not believe that any book can make its way in the world as a revelation from God, or secure a permanent hold on the hearts of men as coming from Him, which, by its fair interpretation, would teach that either polygamy or slavery is a lawful institution," &c. (p. 39).

To this the *Observer* replies, "the human heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked—and can we find in such a soul a law to justify us in setting aside the authority of the Word of God on *any* question," adroitly assuming that slavery has authority from that word?

The arguments, when analyzed, are these:

Mr. Barnes says, for substance:

1. God has implanted certain moral perceptions which he intended should decide on the moral quality of thoughts, actions and life.

2. It is impossible for any man to receive any book professing to be a revelation from God, as truly such, which contradicts those perceptions.

3. Therefore the Bible must be susceptible of such an interpretation as to avoid any collision—on the subject of slavery, polygamy, &c—with those perceptions, or men cannot recognise it as from God.

The *Observer* says, for substance:

1. The human soul is deceitful, desperately wicked, and not to be depended upon in any particular.

2. Therefore its verdict amounts to nothing for or against the testimony of the Bible.

2. Therefore, if the Bible teaches that slavery and polygamy are right, or permissible, "let God be true and every man a liar"—it must be so.

Now, we have simply to say concerning these two positions, that the former is tenable against the infidel, while the latter knocks out the underpinning from the Bible itself.

Let us see how the logic of the *Observer* works, when it comes to be applied to the fundamental question of Bible or no Bible.

1. The human soul is so desperately wicked, that its testimony is worth nothing upon moral questions.

2. The question whether the Bible is a revelation from God, is a moral question, appealing to the human soul for decision.

3. Therefore, the human soul, being so desperately wicked that its testimony is worth nothing, cannot tell whether the Bible is from God or not.

4. But there is no method in which we can receive the Bible as the Word of God, and submit to it as our rule of faith, other than by being reasonably convinced, by the testimony of the soul, that it is worthy of belief.

5. Therefore, since the soul cannot testify, and there is nothing else which can testify, we cannot know that the Bible is from God.

In thus attempting to save the Bible for slavery, they lose it for that and for everything else, and are left without any revelation.

What a singular spectacle is this! A Christian journal insinuates infidelity concerning the teachings of a venerable and venerated expositor and Divine, because he attempts to prove that the Bible does not countenance slavery, by the use of the only argument which infidelity cannot overthrow. And, in order to make good its argument against him, it throws itself over upon ground which logically establishes infidelity, and renders it forever more impossible for us to have any security that there is any God at all, since if the human soul is too desperately wicked to give testimony that there is or is not a Bible (the lesser), how can it testify that there is or is not a God (the greater)?—*Congregationalist.*

ABDUCTION AND ENSLAVEMENT OF TWO CITIZENS OF NEW YORK.

MESSAGE FROM THE GOVERNOR.

To Hon. D. W. C. Littlejohn, Speaker of Assembly:

IN compliance with the resolution of the Assembly dated Jan. 9, "That the Governor be, and he hereby is, requested to communicate to this House any information in his possession concerning the abduction and present enslavement of any citizen or citizens of this State, by the citizens of any other State of this confederacy, and if such wrong exists, what measures have been taken to correct the same; and also what action (if any) should be taken by this Legislature to redress this and any similar outrages upon the sovereign rights of freemen," I have the honour to communicate all the information in my possession, touching the inquiry contained therein, and which embraces the two cases of Henry Dixon and Chas. Granby, of this State, now alleged to be held in slavery.

Ashley Sampson and Joseph Cochrane, whose statements are herewith submitted, are represented to me to be persons of respectability in the city of Rochester.

Several applications, I am informed, were made to my predecessor, for his interference under the act of May 14, 1840, in cases of coloured seamen, citizens of this State, imprisoned in Southern jails for no crime except their colour.

This act, a copy of which is herewith submitted, was understood by my predecessor not to apply to those cases. He, however, as I learn, in one case opened a correspondence with the Governor of Virginia on the subject, but without effecting the desired object. The only alternative left to the unfortunate men, was to raise a sum sufficient to pay the ransom in the shape of jail fees, and expenses, amounting in some instances to a very burdensome tax for a person in humble circumstances.

I have no special recommendation to make in reference to the cases of Henry Dixon and Charles Granby; but would respectfully suggest that provision be made for the expenses already incurred, and which may be incurred in cases arising under the act of the 14th May referred to.

JOHN A. KING.

Albany, Jan. 31, 1857.

CASE OF HENRY DIXON.

Statement of Ashley Sampson, of Rochester.

Henry Dixon was formerly a free citizen of Rochester, well known from his childhood as an honest, industrious, intelligent and respectable man. His father was also a respectable citizen of Rochester, a blacksmith by trade, and the owner of his shop and tools. He gave his children a good common school education, and among them Henry was a universal favourite, both in this city and in Auburn, where he lived for some time. None of the family were ever slaves until Henry was kidnapped.

Two letters have been received from him since he has been in bondage, the last by J. S. Seymour, Esq., Cashier of the Bank of Auburn. In these letters he states that while on his way home from Washington, where he had been employed, he stopped at a hotel between Washington and Baltimore, where he was persuaded to lodge. During the night he was seized by some ruffians while he was asleep and kept in a place of confinement for two or three days. He was then taken to a slave pen and sold to a man named Dean, of Macon, Georgia, where he still remained in slavery at the date of his last letter.

His letters, with affidavits, were, as I am informed, laid before Governor Clark, who appointed Stephen Austin as an agent under the act of May 14, 1840, to proceed to Macon and effect the restoration of Henry to freedom.

Mr. Austin, on his arrival at Macon, learned that at or about the time of the date of Henry's last letter, Dean, his pretended owner, had sold him and no longer had him in his possession. Mr. Austin's efforts to find out to whom Henry had been sold, or his whereabouts, were unsuccessful. Mr. Austin employed his legal counsel (Messrs. Poe and Grier) to aid him in the matter. His counsel, after diligent exertion to find Henry, advised Mr. Austin to return home, promising to continue their efforts in the case. I have since been in correspondence with Messrs. Poe and Grier, of Macon. They inform me that the result of their labours has been to obtain from Dean an offer, "if he ever owned the negro in question, to surrender him to his friends for $700." They further advise me that this is the only way to secure Henry's freedom, and also that early action is necessary to prevent his being sold into irretrievable slavery.

(Signed,) ASHLEY SAMPSON.

THE CASE OF CHARLES GRANBY.

Statement of Joseph Cochrane of Rochester, N. Y.

In the Spring of 1856, a Mr. Chamberlain, of Twinsburg, Summit County, Ohio, wrote to Frederick Douglass, of Rochester, that a fugitive slave stopping at his house had informed him that a young man, a native of Rochester, was held in slavery by a Mr. Hill, in the Parish of Hayville, Louisiana, on the Mississippi river, thirty miles from New Orleans.

About a month after receiving this information, a coloured man named Reed, also a native of Rochester, who knew the Granby family, came to me and stated that the young man described above and named Charles Granby, desired me to use all my power to effect his release from bondage, he (Granby) being well acquainted with me, having been formerly in my employ. The said Reed further stated that he saw Granby last Winter at work on the dock in front of Mr. Hill's residence in Louisiana, and during a conversation with him the said Granby urged him to see me and intercede with me in his behalf. These statements, with others describing the situation and appearance of Hill's plantation, the said Reed verified by affidavit before Hon. William S. Bishop, of Rochester.

Mr. Bishop, therefore, prepared the necessary papers for an application to the Governor for a commission, under the act of May 14, 1840, to rescue the said Granby from slavery. Having procured the proper authority and appointment from Gov. Clark, I proceeded to New Orleans to search for Granby. After procuring a writ of *habeas corpus*, in company with a Sheriff, I visited the plantation of Mr. Hill and personally examined all his slaves, some 200 in number, but found no one resembling the said Charles Granby. Some of the statements made by Reed differed from the facts I found existing on the place where Granby was said to be. The Christian name of Hill, the number of his slaves, and the distance of his plantation from New Orleans, were incorrectly given in the affidavit.

Although the said Granby is undoubtedly held in slavery in some part of the South, my utmost exertions to discover him have so far been unavailing.

JOSEPH COCHRANE.

Rochester, Dec. 27, 1856.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1857.

THE HONOURED DEAD.

A WEEK ago the announcement was made of the death of Preston S. Brooks. The verdict of a Coroner's Jury, perhaps, had one been called, would have been—Died by the visitation of God. The verdict of History will be that he was permitted, by Northern pusillanimity, to die in his bed. And he is not only dead, but his body, which was not given up, like those of other malefactors, to the surgeons for dissection, is buried in the Congressional Burying Ground. In token of their profound grief, both Houses of Congress adjourned, for a day or two, and their members, with the President and his Cabinet, the Judges of the Supreme Court, and the President elect, attended, in token of respect, the obsequies of the illustrious dead. That his eulogy should have been pronounced in the Senate by Toombs, till tears choked his utterance ("hark from the tombs!"), and in the House by Keitt, was only to be expected. History is full of evidences of warm admiration and affection toward the most cruel tyrants and the most unworthy men. And was not the largest and most imposing funeral of late years, in this city, that of Bill Poole, who had not the good-luck of his fellow-ruffian at Washington to die of disease, but was killed, as the other probably would have been, had he lived long enough, in a pot-house brawl? Brooks was the Representative Man of his section of the country in his day and generation; and as her people honoured him alive, so should they reverence him when dead;

> "Yes, beg a hair of him for memory,
> And, dying, mention it within their wills,
> Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
> Unto their issue."

Appropriate, therefore, was it that Savage, of Tennessee, should specially dwell upon that one act of the life of Brooks that gave it its peculiar glory in the eyes of his Southern countrymen. Indeed he and he only took a straightforward part in resting the claim of the dead man before him to immortality upon the only event of his life that had raised him above the common herd of Congressmen who throng the bar-rooms of Washington. If the man had private virtues, it was not for these that his compatriots loved him. His one sole public virtue—in the Southern sense—made him revered and honoured, and for this Savage had the acuteness, as Toombs and Keitt had not, to eulogize him.

But no such moral or sentimental obligation rests upon the North, or upon her Congressional Representatives. It was proper enough that De Witt, of Massachusetts, should be appointed one of the Committee of Arrangements, for he it was whom Brooks, when he justified, in the House, his assault upon Sumner, ordered to hold up his cane as an illustration of the size of the weapon used on that occasion; and the poor creature obeyed as promptly and submissively as any other slave would have answered to the order of his overseer. But we had not conjectured that there were any other members of the House who could show an equal alacrity in exhibiting the evidence that they were mere mice and not men; and who would, therefore, be ready to do any official honour to the memory of a bully and ruffian who was, by his own confession, not a murderer because maiming and not murder answered his purpose better. We had, we confess, no very high estimate of Congressional manliness and decency, but, low as it was, it was higher than it should have been. If Keitt was impelled by private grief to testify of the deceased that he was "in his bearing frank and honest, in dispute severe, and in friendship *delicious*," it is not easy to conceive of Northern members sitting easily and quietly in their chairs, under the infliction of such an oration, when they remembered the empty seat of a Massachusetts Senator at the other end of the Capitol. And still harder is it to conceive of one of their number, and he an influential Republican, responding to such a eulogy, and vouching, of his personal knowledge, for the virtues of the man who lay dead before him, but whom, only a little while ago, he and his associates pronounced unfit to sit as a member even of such a body as the House of Representatives.

Of course we do not need to be told that the amenities and proprieties of time and place are a sufficient answer to any commentary of this sort upon the course of Mr. Campbell and those who permitted him thus, without protest, to speak for them. It was to Mr. Brooks, a member of the Government, that Northern Republican Representatives accorded obituary honours, and for whom they have put on the emblem of wo, and not Brooks the citizen. But if mere station makes the difference, and funereal pomp and the *nil nisi bonum* are the right of the criminal in high places, why were the President and Faculty of Harvard College so wanting to the amenities of life and of death, to respect for themselves and the illustrious dead, as to neglect to receive at the gallows-foot the body of their late associate, Professor Webster, of whom also it might have been said that he was "in dispute severe and in friendship delicious"? Dr. Webster was distinguished for a single act of his life—a foul and premeditated murder. Brooks also had earned infamy by an act brutal, cowardly and atrocious, which stopped short of that assassination, for which he boldly avowed he was prepared, only because his purpose was more completely gained by not resorting to that extremity when his own safety did not make it imperative. Both of these distinguished criminals died of a sudden and violent inflammation of the throat; and if the parallel is not complete in a similar cause for that strangulation, at least there is no such wide distinction in the acts of their lives that made them famous as to render one of them deserving of a gibbet, and the other of an apotheosis.

That when a man has paid the great debt of nature, he has settled his account with the world, may be true enough of ordinary mortals. But now and then a man dies so desperately and wickedly a bankrupt that the old law which gave the body to the creditor becomes an enactment of perpetual force. We have a case of this sort before us. The deliberate, the indignant judgment of almost the entire North upon this man Brooks, a short time since, was that he was in spirit an assassin, in character a coward of the basest sort, in conduct a brutal ruffian. The country knew nothing of him except as he illustrated himself by one signal act; but into that one was condensed all the force of the man's nature, and it was, therefore, as conclusive as to his real, inherent character as all the little acts of his whole life beside. We, at the North, have had no doubt about him. "Is there no way to punish such a fellow?" was the question which for months was upon the lips of all right-minded persons among us; and if the Northern Congressional delegation was reluctantly excused that some one of their number did not long ago flay him within an inch of his life, it has been only because the plea was readily acknowledged that the task was one from which a gentleman instinctively shrunk. Yet the most popular man of the North for months past, he who was received, wherever he went, with more public enthusiasm than ever waited before upon any American, was he who consented to be at last driven into facing Brooks. Have we all been mistaken as to the act of which that man was guilty? Is it true that the dignity of the Senate was insulted? that Massachusetts was assaulted as the heavy blows fell upon the defenceless head of her Senator? that under those blows "you and I and all of us fell down," a bruised and bloody North, prone, abject and debased? that when some show of resentment was made in the attempt at expulsion, such of the Northern Representatives as had put themselves forward in the matter were flouted at, defied, bullied, spat upon, and treated altogether with such insolent arrogance and provoking indignities that the wonder is either that they did not kill the bully on the spot or run their country as branded poltroons? Did we think, or talk, or write of any other than these things for weeks, finding only this one comfort in our shame and indignation, that as Southern insolence and brutality had reached its highest point, so there was some hope that an end had come to Northern servility and forbearance? Here, let us never forget, was no private quarrel. Sumner, in the power of a cultivated intellect, in the graces of refinement, the nobility of a pure patriotism, in the dignity of virtue, stood for what the North, in some measure, is and should be altogether; while his assailant, who took him at disadvantage, and struck him down with dastardly and cruel blows, was the South, treacherous, insolent, imbruted and tyrannical. Are the facts changed because it has pleased God that this brutal champion should die? Did the spirit or the cause of Brooks perish with him? Rather it would seem—had we no other foundation for our faith than Congressmen—that the black crape upon the arms of Northern Representatives, their silence, and even their participation in the fulsome eulogies upon Brooks, were in token that Northern manliness was no more, and that in place of it we have a fine and elegant deportment, presenting always a bland and smiling aspect to whatever indignity our Southern masters may choose to impose upon us.

DISUNION.

WHEN the Abolitionists, fifteen years ago, declared their conviction that a dissolution of the American Union was the easiest and best method of putting an end to slavery, the nation was seized with convulsive shudderings, like those which the word of the exorcist in former times is said to have produced in the man possessed by foul and evil spirits. On all sides arose the furious cry, "Let us alone—what have we to do with thee?—art thou come to destroy us?"—and all sects and parties agreed in denouncing the project of disunion as both wicked and absurd.

In the intervening fifteen years, the times have so far changed that disunion is now proclaimed to be the settled policy and purpose of another class of men, much more numerous than the Abolitionists and very different from them, namely, the propagandists of slavery. And, whether the language of this second class has been used to express or to conceal their thoughts, it has excited a third class, to wit, the Republican party, to vehement demonstrations of attachment and adherence to the Union. Full of zeal, as a new party is wont to be, and excited by the importance of the new idea just adopted into their political system (opposition to the further extension of slavery), they fail to perceive the incongruity between the new and the old. So while they shout *No more slave States*, they shout with equal zeal, and publish in speeches, pamphlets, newspapers, banners and transparencies, their determination to maintain the existing *union of freedom with slavery*. They pour the new wine, just *beginning* to ferment, into their old bottle, and tie up the mouth as confidently as if they had not been warned, centuries ago, and seen abundance of mournful instances since, of the ruin naturally consequent upon that arrangement.

Union is an excellent thing when it combines like-minded persons in the advancement of a common object; when "the outward and visible sign" (as the catechism saith) is really a symbol of "the inward and spiritual state." *Then*, union is strength. And such it was when these States leagued themselves together to resist the usurpations of Great Britain. There was a common desire and a common purpose, and in pursuance of it, the contracting parties most fitly called themselves *United* States. The Union was then a *reality*. The parties really desired, and were determined to attain, liberty for themselves, however a compromise, not less criminal than unfortunate, complicated this arrangement with slavery for somebody else. To the surprise of the world, their Union proved itself to be strength, and gained the victory against what seemed very fearful odds. In the meantime, the tares which were foolishly allowed to mingle with the wheat on the common territory have sprung up, yielded their natural evil fruit, thriven apace like other ill weeds, and crowded the wheat into narrower limits. The Northern cultivators, who have kept letting the tares alone, and hoping they would die out some time or other (the pious ones phrasing it that "the Lord would remove them in his own good time"), have at last begun to realize that, through this intermixture, the hope of *their* gains also is gone, and that *their* harvest is diminished in quantity and deteriorated in quality. Moreover, after rubbing their eyes to a condition of partial wakefulness, complaining, meanwhile, of the "interference" of those who have disturbed them with the news of their impending ruin, they have begun to make the additional discovery that this kind goeth not out but by further interference, and that of an energetic kind—that nothing less, indeed, than a prompt taking in hand of their own business would prevent their ruin. But, being a foolish generation, and slow of heart to understand what the prophets had told them, they have not yet learned that action, to be effective, must be thorough as well as prompt, and they have gravely entered upon a grand combination, an active and extensive one too, to oppose the tares; but in what manner? Would any sane cultivator, in any other quarter of the globe, believe that their plan is, simply and solely, to interpose rail fences between the hitherto unoccupied north-west corner of the farm and its central and southern portions, with the express concession that not a tare is to be disturbed south of the fence, and that even the seeds which blow through are to be carried back and replanted?

It is by this method of action, combined with oral and written representations of the very deleterious influence of tares upon the particular soil of that north-west corner, that the Republicans have undertaken to protect themselves from further encroachments of the Slave Power. And they think they can do it! They actually expect to draw out Leviathan with this sort of hook and cord! They expect that a ferocious beast, whose whole living is encroachment, whose very nature is rapine, who ignores right, trusts in might, takes all he can and keeps all he gets, will be persuaded to cease from encroachment on them, in consideration of their agreement to allow the full exercise of his tyranny, unmolested, in another quarter. They do not yet see that he proposes to eat up them, as well as the slaves, without even the indulgence promised by Polyphemus to Ulysses, of being *last* devoured.

But, in these last days, there has just appeared the hopeful sign (Abolitionists are accustomed to found great hopes on small beginnings, when they are also *good* beginnings) that a few—alas! a very few—of the Republican party have seen their error and begun to amend it. A confession of faith and commencement of action so straight-forward, earnest and uncompromising as the "Call for a State Disunion Convention" recently issued in Massachusetts, the signatures to it of eighty Republican citizens of Worcester, headed by one heretofore so zealous and assiduous in the Republican cause as Rev. T. W. Higginson, the acceptance, by one so prominent in the same party as Hon. F. W. Bird, of the Presidency of the Convention subsequently held, and the radicalism of the sentiments cheered and adopted by that assembly, are indeed encouraging and hopeful signs—as far as they go. How far they are to go hereafter—how many Republicans will echo and swell the cry thus begun—how many of other parties, or heretofore of no party, will lend their voices to extend and prolong it—how many Conventions responsive to it will be held in other places—and how many other States will prepare in like manner for the opening of an effective campaign against slavery, remains to be seen. Come what may, we joyfully welcome these allies to the assault of what we have long seen to be the most "practicable" point in the fortress of slavery.

Why should not the great mass of honest and sensible men in the Republican party break loose from the mesh of compromise in which their leaders have involved them, see the futility of supporting the *continuance* of slavery while they deprecate its *extension*, and realize the impossibility that liberty should gain *any* advantage from alliance with slavery? Why should even the honour in which they hold the name of Sumner blind them to the enormous error involved in his proposition to "restore, in good faith, the Missouri Compromise"? Why should they not joyfully seize the opportunity given them by the treachery of the South to accept their release from a concession on their own part which ought never to have been made?

To us, who have long since freed ourselves from such reverence for the word Union as is merely hereditary and superstitious, and who now require solid reasons in proof of its value, the following propositions seem plain and clear, fit for the approval and adoption of sensible men, and suited to form a basis for immediate action. Believing that internal division, and especially that internal corruption, is far more to be dreaded than the attack of a foreign foe—that the pretence that the United States Constitution was framed to establish justice and secure the blessings of liberty is an injury and a mockery while it has practically the opposite effect—that the *name* of Union, and the theory (on paper) of equal and reciprocal rights among sister States, do not compensate for the endurance of a series of outrages upon our rights and liberties, such as would be deemed just cause of war were they inflicted by England, France or Russia—that the cause of popular education and intellectual improvement at the North must be impeded by intimate alliance with a people who prohibit free schools, a free press, free speech and free voting—that the interests of good morals at the North must materially suffer from civil and social combination with those who seize the wives of the poor for their concubines, and sell their own children at auction to the highest bidder—and that not only the purity of religion at the North, but even the imperfect form of it preached and practised in the Northern *churches*, must be sullied by the habit of recognising as Christians those who represent the Word of God, the Church of God, the Son of God, and God himself, as authorizing the oppressions and cruelties of slavery—we earnestly write, speak, pray and long with our whole hearts for the dissolution of that bond which now fetters liberty to slavery in the American Union.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE twenty-fifth annual meeting of the MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY was held in Boston on Thursday and Friday, Jan. 29th and 30th, commencing at the Melonaon, Tremont street, at 10 1-2 a. m. of Thursday.

FRANCIS JACKSON, President of the Society, at that hour called the meeting to order, and proposed the following, in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, for the organization of the meeting:

Committee on Business—Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, Maria W. Chapman, Eliza Lee Follen, Abby Kelley Foster, Charles E. Hodges, Henry C. Wright.

Assistant Secretaries—Samuel May, Jr., Charles K. Whipple.

Committee to nominate Officers for the ensuing year—Edmund Quincy, of Dedham; Alvan Howes, of Barnstable; William Ashby, of Newburyport; Joshua H. Robbins, of Weymouth; Charles F. Hovey, of Boston; Effingham L. Capron, of Worcester; James N. Buffum, of Lynn; William Whiting, of Concord, John Clement, of Townsend.

Committee on Finance—Lewis Ford, E. D. Draper, Darius M. Allen, Elbridge Sprague.

The recommendation of the Committee of Arrangements was unanimously adopted, and the above elected to their respective offices.

The President announced that opportunity was afforded to any who might wish to offer prayer, either vocal or silent.

SAMUEL PHILBRICK, Treasurer, presented his report of the Receipts and Expenditures of the Society during the past year.

[NOTE.—By the report it appears that the whole amount of Receipts was $9,031 03. Disbursements, $8,248 50. Balance in Treasury Jan. 1st, $782 53.]

Voted to accept the Treasurer's Report, and print it with the proceedings.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr., General Agent of the Society, presented, and read portions of, his Annual Statement.

On motion of H. C. Wright, and seconded,

Voted, to accept and print the statement of the General Agent.

The Business Committee, by WENDELL PHILLIPS, presented the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That we have noticed, with surprise and regret, the letter of the Hon. Henry Wilson to the late Convention at Worcester, met to consider the practicability, probability, and expediency of a separation between the free and slave States,—so unlike in tone the letters of his fellow-Republicans, evincing such gross ignorance of the true spirit and philosophy of the Anti-Slavery movement, as well as the feeling and wishes of Massachusetts, and utterly lacking in that unflinching purpose and wide toleration which alone can unite the North in effectual resistance to the Slave Power.

2. Resolved, That, in our opinion, that letter was not written with a single eye to the audience addressed, but for another purpose, and to suit the meridian of Washington; and that if its object really was to assure the South that he has no affinity with the radical Abolitionists of Massachusetts, we cheerfully add our certificate to his—deeming a man guided by such principles, and full of such a spirit, wholly unfit to represent Massachusetts; and we shall rejoice when the time comes that she can replace him with one who knows the Anti-Slavery enterprise with more thoroughness, and his Southern catechism with less,—more ready to attack, and less eager and adroit to apologize—less the slave of forms, and more resolute to establish justice and secure liberty at every hazard.

3. Resolved, That we see with deep indignation that Mr. Wilson, who so well knows the utter difference between the sincerity and the motive for our effort to break the Union, and that of the South, still joins us with them in the same condemnation—in language which, however adroitly chosen, cannot but be understood, in the circumstances, to refer to the disunion movement in New England,—as follows:

"Then we are charged in the [President's] message with having entered upon a path which has no possible outlet but disunion. When the Republican party was organized, the avowal was made that the Union must be maintained. The declaration of Mr. Webster, 'Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable;' the declaration of Andrew Jackson, 'The Union must be preserved,' were borne throughout the canvass on all our banners. In the public press, and before the people everywhere, the doctrine was maintained that we were for the Union; and if any man, North or South, laid their hands upon it, they should die, if we had the power, traitor deaths, and leave traitor names in the history of the Republic."

These resolutions were debated by JAMES N. BUFFUM, HENRY C. WRIGHT, WENDELL PHILLIPS, Rev. D. A. WASSON, WM. L. GARRISON, and ABBY K. FOSTER.

Adjourned to a quarter before 3 o'clock.

AFTERNOON.—The PRESIDENT in the chair. The resolutions under discussion at the time of adjournment were read again.

PARKER PILLSBURY addressed the meeting in support of the resolutions, in a speech of much force and eloquence.

Rev. D. A. WASSON spoke, partly in criticism, and partly in defence of the Republican party. He said he was not a disunionist, and never had been, but didn't know how soon he should be obliged to take that ground to preserve his own self-respect. He deprecated the apologetic tone which so many of the Republicans have used in Congress and elsewhere, when charged with being Abolitionists, and desiring the overthrow of slavery throughout the Union.

Mrs. FOSTER and Dr. KNOX severally asked of Mr. WASSON if he would still hold to his opinion, namely, that the slaves should patiently remain in slavery twenty-five years longer, if necessary, rather than resort to violence to effect their freedom—provided his wife and children, or he himself, were the victims of slavery. Mr. WASSON replied that he thought it would be the highest heroism, even then, to stand by his position, though he made no professions for himself how far he might possess that heroism.

Mr. MAY, on behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That each member of the Society, and each friend of the Anti-Slavery cause now present, be requested to contribute the sum of one dollar, or such other sum as they shall please, towards defraying the expenses of this annual meeting.

W. L. GARRISON addressed the meeting in reply to some points advanced by Mr. WASSON. He defended the Abolitionists from the imputation of intolerance. He showed the inconsistency and wrong of the Republican party in defending a union with slaveholders.

Adjourned, to meet at Mercantile Library Hall, at 7 o'clock.

EVENING.—Society met at Mercantile Library Hall.

EFFINGHAM L. CAPRON, one of the Vice Presidents, in the chair.

HENRY C. WRIGHT spoke to the resolutions, and to the general question of the debasing and demoralizing influences which our connection with slavery has exerted upon the entire nation. He thought there was not on the face of the earth, among nations pretending to civilization, any people so incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong, as the people of the United States. There is, he said, an indifference to crime, a general looseness in regard to justice, a propensity to robbery and fraud—"organized robbery, Mr. Chairman, to be sure," said Mr. Wright,—such as can be nowhere else found to an equal degree. Mr. Wright contrasted the position of the States of Wisconsin and Massachusetts, with regard to the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law within their respective borders,—much (and deservedly) to the disadvantage of Massachusetts. He concluded his remarks by offering a series of resolutions, pronouncing the existing Union a failure, and asserting the right of the slave to free himself by force, if ever force may be rightly used against the tyrant.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr., moved the reference of the resolutions to the Business Committee. Seconded.

JAMES N. BUFFUM protested against one of Mr. Wright's resolutions, which he regarded as advising violence and blood.

Mr. GARRISON replied to Mr. BUFFUM, who, he thought, misconceived the resolution. He also commented on Mr. WASSON's position, taken this afternoon, that we might call on the slave to consent, and if slaves ourselves might consent to await for twenty-five years a peaceful termination of slavery, rather than to precipitate it by violence. Mr. Garrison spoke eloquently on the sin against God and his own soul which that man commits who consents to his own slavery, or that of another man, for twenty-five hours or twenty-five seconds (loud applause).

Mr. WASSON, Mrs. A. K. FOSTER, Mr. BUFFUM, Mr. WILSON, and Mr. GLEASON, continued the discussion.

Mr. Wright's resolutions were referred to the Business Committee.

PARKER PILLSBURY addressed the meeting in a very earnest, serious and touching speech. He spoke of the declaration of John Quincy Adams, George N. Briggs, and other eminent Northern men, that the annexation of Texas was cause for the dissolution of the Union, an act to which Massachusetts ought not to submit, and, in their judgment, would not submit. If there was reason enough for disunion then, how much more numerous and strong are the reasons now! Men are telling us that it is not time for Disunion yet! Will it ever be time? will there ever be grounds for dissolving this Union? can any degree of wrong justify us in separation? I say to you, said Mr. P., that instead of strengthening the North, and nerving it up for a dissolution of the Union by and bye, every successive Southern insult and outrage strikes another paralytic blow on the Northern arm and conscience.

Mrs. LUCY STONE (who was received with much applause) pointed out the merits and the demerits of the Republican party. She dwelt with sadness on the many evidences she had had of the want of a just and generous principle in its members; and on the other hand, was sure there were, in that party, so many young men whose souls were fired with a sincere love of liberty, that every possible effort to educate and lift them higher would be well bestowed.

WENDELL PHILLIPS addressed the meeting in eloquent comments upon the present position of Massachusetts, and of her public servants—especially of Senators Sumner and Wilson—in relation to the Union and Slavery.

Adjourned to Friday, 10 a. m.

FRIDAY.

Met at the Melonaon. The PRESIDENT in the chair.

The resolutions before the Society were read again by the Secretary.

On motion, the hour of 11 1-2 o'clock was assigned for the purpose of receiving Donations and Pledges to the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society for the ensuing year.

HENRY C. WRIGHT addressed the Society, in support of the sentiments of the resolutions he presented last evening, and closed with offering another resolution, bearing upon the slave's right of resistance.

JAMES N. BUFFUM again objected to Mr. Wright's views and resolution, as virtually encouraging and inciting the slaves to insurrection. He read passages from the Declaration of Sentiments adopted by the Convention which formed the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1833, in which they set forth in the clearest manner, that their principles are those of peace, and opposed to all violence and bloodshed.

HENRY C. WRIGHT reaffirmed his position, and defended it at length.

PARKER PILLSBURY defended Mr. Wright's resolution.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr., replied to Mr. Buffum, and defended the resolutions before the meeting, and the consistency of the Society in maintaining its original principles from the beginning.

The hour assigned for taking up Donations and Pledges having arrived, the Society was addressed in a very earnest and eloquent appeal by Mrs. ABBY KELLEY FOSTER.

WENDELL PHILLIPS enlarged upon the reason why Abolitionists should contribute, to a degree greater than ever before, for the spread of their principles; why *all* persons, indeed, professing to love freedom, should aid the cause which is the basis of every effective movement against the Slave Power.

EDWIN THOMPSON spoke effectively to the question of contributions.

ABBY K. FOSTER again spoke on the same subject.

The discussion on the resolutions was then continued by W. L. GARRISON, W. PHILLIPS, H. C. WRIGHT, J. N. BUFFUM and LUCY STONE.

Adjourned to quarter of 3 o'clock.

AFTERNOON.—PRESIDENT in the chair.

HERBERT GLEASON expressed in earnest terms his devotion to the Anti-Slavery cause.

THEODORE PARKER spoke on the Political Aspect of the Country to-day, with much point, humour and sarcasm.

Mr. GARRISON, from the Business Committee, reported the following resolutions, all of which had been informally before the meeting since yesterday afternoon:

1. Resolved, That the American Union, as might have been anticipated from the antagonistic nature of the parties to it, has proved a sad and total failure, having, from its formation to the present day, directly tended to the moral degradation and ruin of the American people, and the extension and perpetuity of the most dreadful form of bondage now known to mankind.

5. Resolved, That the present American Government has proved a curse and calamity to the cause of Human Freedom throughout the world; and, therefore, it is the right and duty of the people at once to alter, or forever to abolish that Government.

6. Resolved, That the people of the non-slave States owe it to themselves and to their posterity, and to justice, liberty and humanity, to call town, county and State Conventions to consider the expediency and duty of forming a Northern alliance on the principle of NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

Whereas, the fundamental, organic law of Massachusetts is, that "all men are born free and equal, and endowed by their Creator with an unalienable right to liberty," therefore,

7. Resolved, That, to allow a man to be arraigned and tried before *any* tribunal, on the issue, Is he a freeman or a slave—is he a man or a chattel, is an atrocious violation of the fundamental law of the State.

8. Resolved, That it is the duty of Massachusetts to execute this fundamental law of her Government, and to forbid, by such laws as shall be deemed just and necessary, the arrest and trial of any persons living under her jurisdiction, on an issue so insulting to God, and so derogatory to man.

9. Resolved, That we recognise it, as a fixed law of our being, that "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," and that, under this law, it is the right and duty of the slave to deny the authority and resist the power of the slaveholder.

10. Resolved, That, in every effort of the slave to obtain his freedom, whether by flight or insurrection, our sympathies are, and ever must be, with him, and against his oppressor; and we pledge ourselves that we will do all in our power that we, as individuals, deem right and most fitting, to aid the enslaved in their struggle for liberty.

11. Resolved, That those who hold to the right of armed resistance to oppression, and glorify their Revolutionary sires for their bloody conflict with British tyrants, are recreant to their own principles if they do not recognise this right on the part of the slaves against their tyrant masters, and assist them to achieve their complete enfranchisement.

12. Resolved, That the people of the North have, long since, passed the point where passive endurance of Southern insult, oppression and outrage is a virtue, even were there no inherent criminality in the Union itself; and we regard any further delay of the Dissolution of the Union, especially when based on nothing better than the action, or the hopes of political parties pledged to the support of slavery in the States, as not only delusive, but criminal in the very highest degree.

T. W. HIGGINSON addressed the Society. He commenteth with great plainness and severity on the recent speech of Henry Wilson on the President's Message. He referred to the recent Disunion Convention at Worcester, to its calm and lofty position, and to the success which attended it.

LYSANDER SPOONER asked why it was, that, while Henry Wilson and other Republicans are sharply censured here (and he agreed they should be), Charles Sumner, who occupies the same position, is not only wholly spared, but receives universal laudation?

Mr. PHILLIPS replied to Mr. Spooner by reading an extract from the *Bee*, which spoke of Mrs. Foster's severe criticism of Mr. Sumner, the day previous.

Mr. GARRISON also replied to Mr. Spooner, showing that there were many and marked points of difference between Mr. Sumner and Mr. Wilson; yet that Mr. Sumner was not unqualifiedly commended in this Society.

EDMUND QUINCY, from the Committee on Nominations, reported the following as Officers of the Society for the ensuing year:

President—FRANCIS JACKSON, Boston.

Vice-Presidents—Andrew Robeson, New Bedford; Edmund Quincy, Dedham; Adin Ballou, Milford; Joshua T. Everett, Princeton; Effingham L. Capron, Worcester; Jefferson Church, Springfield; Henry I. Bowditch, Boston; Josiah Henshaw, West Brookfield; Caroline Weston, Weymouth; Benjamin Snow, Jr., Fitchburg; George Miles, Westminster; James N. Buffum, Lynn; John T. Hilton, Brighton; Thomas T. Stone, Bolton; Bourne Spooner, Plymouth; William Ashby, Newburyport; John Bailey, Lynn; James Russell Lowell, Cambridge; Richard Clap, Dorchester; William Whiting, Concord; Ezekiel Thacher, Barnstable; David P. Harmon, Haverhill; Charles Lenox Remond

CONGRESS.

THE BURIAL OF BROOKS.

Congress has done little in the past week that we care to record. Here is the telegraphic report of the proceedings of the two Houses, upon the death of Preston S. Brooks:

JANUARY, 29, 1857.

IN THE SENATE.—The official notification of the death of Hon. P. S. Brooks having been received from the House, a eulogy was pronounced by Mr. Evans, of South Carolina, who expressed his regret that this tribute to the memory of the deceased could not be paid by his worthy colleague, Mr. Butler; but the deep affliction which this sad event has occasioned him, in the loss of a dear friend and relative, has unfitted him for the performance of that duty.

Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, while professing his profound grief, hoped that this sad lesson would not be lost upon the living. When standing around the lifeless form of a deceased associate, we learn to appreciate, as we are solemnly reminded of, the great brotherhood of humanity. Detraction should now cease to have an object at which to aim its shafts, for when one has paid the last debt of nature, he has settled his accounts with man.

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, spoke briefly of the manly virtues of the deceased, but, without concluding his remarks, resumed his seat, being completely overcome by his feelings.

The usual resolutions of sympathy and regret were then adopted, and the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, announced the death of Mr. Brooks, saying that his disease was acute inflamation of the throat, and so swift and fatal that even his medical advisers believed him to be in no danger until within the briefest possible period of the time of his decease. Mr. Brooks was borne in Edgefield district, South Carolina, in 1819, and had served in the Legislature of that State; and in the Mexican war had rendered gallant service. He was sent to Congress as the representative of a proud and gallant constituency, whose history has been illustrated by the virtue, statesmanship, and eloquence of Robert Goodlow Harper, John C. Calhoun, and George McDuffie. He spoke of his long and intimate relations with the deceased, who in his bearing was frank and honest, in dispute severe, and in friendship delicious. Mr. Brooks has left a wife and four children. Within the sanctity of that home he would not intrude, but would supplicate Heaven to furnish balm to their crushed and bleeding hearts. Earth never pillowed on its bosom a truer son, nor Heaven opened wide its gates to receive a manlier spirit. Mr. Keitt then submitted a series of resolutions, setting forth the deep sensibility with which the House had received the intelligence of the death of Mr. Brooks, tendering to the family of the deceased the sympathy of the House, and resolving that the members, in token of respect, wear crape on the left arm for thirty days.

These resolutions were subsequently unanimously adopted.

Mr. Quitman, of Mississippi, added a few words to the tribute paid to the character of the deceased by the gentleman from South Carolina. He was a man of kind heart and the most tender sensibility. Mr. Keitt had well said his friendship was of the most extraordinary tenacity. If these elements, which are among the highest characteristics of true manhood, ever led him to acts which our judgments would decide to be wrong, let us remember that, "to err is human, to forgive divine."

Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, remarked that his acquaintance with the latter's first term of service in the House, and the fact that they came from a district of country united in the past and present history, the people entertaining a similarity of feelings and views, made them warm personal friends. But it was not for him to question the wisdom of Omnipotence. With his own immediate constituents his popularity was unbounded, and coming from a State whose generosity advances the merits of its sons, he had already obtained distinction in the public councils. In the course of his remarks Mr. Clingman said, if to ensure success, a man must be an adept in the arts of deception and hypocrisy, Mr. Brooks was not suited for such a station, as no man was more frank and manly.

Mr. Savage, of Tennessee, did not approve of much talking at any time, but he would do injustice to his feelings, and those of his constituents, by remaining silent on this occasion. History records but one Thermopylæ, but there ought to have been, "and that for Preston S. Brooks." Brutus stabbed Cæsar in the capitol, and whatever may be thought of the justice and wisdom of the deed, the world has ever since approved and applauded the act. So shall the scene in the Senate Chamber carry the name of the deceased to all future generations, long to be remembered after all are forgotten, and when these walls shall have crumbled into ruins. Had he been permitted to choose his own death, he (Savage) was convinced he would have fallen in some great battle for the public of South Carolina. He had seen Mr. Brooks bearing the trials of the siege of Vera Cruz, as an officer of the Palmetto Regiment, ever exhibiting all the characteristics of a true man and a soldier. Under all circumstances, never a morning came here but he made his salute to his old commander.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, said Mr. Brooks merited the confidence of his constituents, because he was the faithful advocate of their policy, sentiments, and the zealous guardian of their rights, interests and honour. His relations with the deceased were such as enabled him to know and appreciate his virtues.

After a brief recess the corpse was brought into the House, and in the presence of the members of both branches of Congress, the President and Cabinet, the Judges of the Supreme Court, Mr. Buchanan, and others, Rev. Mr. Waldo, Chaplain of the House, delivered a brief discourse, making no allusion to the deceased, from the words of our Savior to the thief on the cross: "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." The object being to justify Christ in making that declaration to the penitent, and to show the necessity of repentance.

The House shortly after adjourned, and the remains of Mr. Brooks were deposited in the Congressional Cemetery.

The galleries and lobbies of the House of Representatives were more than ordinarily crowded. Mr. Savage was not one of the speakers selected for the occasion, and his allusion to the assault in the Senate is regretted, especially by Mr. Brooks' intimate friends.

NEW STATES.

The House, on Saturday, passed the bills designed to pave the way for the admission of Oregon and Minnesota as States to the Union. The Minnesota bill passed by a vote of 97 to 75, twenty-seven Northern men, calling themselves Republicans, voting in the negative, with most of the Southern members. The reason assigned was that the bill allowed unnaturalized residents to vote. The Senate will probably refuse to pass either of the bills, compelling the free Territories to wait until slave States can in some way be formed to balance them.

UNITED STATES SENATORS.

JAMES R. DOOLITTLE, formerly of this State, but who has held a high judicial position in Wisconsin, has been chosen United States Senator by the Republicans of the latter State. The Milwaukee *Free Democrat*, edited by S. M. Booth, was warmly opposed to Judge Doolittle, and, before the election, said:

"Not to press the facts that he did not revolt at the adoption of the Cincinnati platform which embodied all the diabolism of the Fugitive Slave act and all the iniquities of the Kansas outrages, that he approved of the Toombs bill, and thought the Republicans ought not to be regarded if they refused to accept it; that he did not forsake Buchanan, though he renounced his own identity and resolved himself into the Cincinnati platform, till Congress adjourned without giving the Free State men a fair chance, thus making his adhesion to the fortunes of the Hunker party dependent, not on the *principles* it had adopted, but on the contingency of an act of Congress; so that we have no assurance in Judge Doolittle's antecedents that, should Mr. Buchanan do justice to the Free State men of Kansas, he might not be found supporting his Administration before a twelve-month expired—not to press considerations like these—the constitutional prohibition, which was inserted to meet just such a case as this, and which members have taken their oaths to observe, stands directly opposed to his election."

The "constitutional prohibition" here alluded to, if we understand it, is one which is believed to make a Judge ineligible to the Senatorship. The members of the Legislature, however, appear to have regarded it as void.

The Springfield *Republican* says:

"It is quite noteworthy that the two Democratic United States Senators, just elected from Delaware, have occupied at home antagonistic positions on the subject of slavery; one, Mr. Bayard, being in favour of the permanent adherence of that State to slavery, while Mr. Bates has distinguished himself by opposing views, and came in collision with Mr. Bayard in the constitutional convention of the State a few years ago, because of them. If the latter carry his home principles to Washington, he will find himself little in sympathy with the other representatives of his party. The danger is, however, that he has purchased this promotion by stifling his former views, and, finding slavery a better political paymaster than freedom, will espouse its cause no less enthusiastically than has Mr. Faulkner of Virginia, whose early political life was similarly distinguished at home by a bold advocacy of abolition doctrines. Thus slavery debauches Southern as well as Northern politicians, the morals of society and the morals of the mind, the intellect as well as the heart."

Zachariah Chandler, the New Republican Senator just elected as the successor of Gen. Cass, is thus described by a correspondent of the *Evening Post*:

"Mr. Chandler is a man of decided ability, who has for nearly all his life been a merchant. He is a fine stump speaker, and has devoted much of his time, at the election in 1854 as well as 1856, in stumping the State. As a political manager, few excel him, and his energy and activity are unequalled. No man did more, in 1854, towards cementing the union of the Nebraska men in this State two years since. Mr. Chandler was once the Whig candidate for Governor; was voted for by Whigs for United States Senator, four years ago. He has always been Free Soil in his sentiments, and was very objectionable to the Fillmore party. He has the 'backbone,' and will ever stand firm for the cause of freedom."

The Detroit *Free Press*, the special organ of Gen. Cass, and one of the most vituperative papers of its party in the whole country, pays the new Senator its compliments as follows:

"We have to count Michigan as having added to the list of weak men brought to the surface by the 'Republican movement.' We must count her, indeed, as having added the weakest man to the list of weak men sent to the Senate of the United States by the 'Republican movement.' We must do more: We must count her as having sent to the Senate the weakest man that ever took a seat in that body from any State. This is her distinction. This is her glory. This is the glory of the 'Republican movement' in this State.

"But this is not, perhaps, the worst of it. Were he only weak—did he know but just enough to keep his mouth closed—the humiliation of the State might escape observation at Washington, but there is no hope in this respect. The difficulty is, that the man is not aware that he is a loafer and an ass, and, comparatively speaking, an idiot. He is apparently not aware of this, but, on the contrary, like almost all preposterous ignoramuses, has a settled conviction, which cannot be beaten out of him, that if he was not born great, he has only lacked the opportunity to acquire greatness. This is his conviction, and deeming the Senate of the United States his true theatre, we may be sure that, when he gets there, he will be continually opening his mouth, instead of keeping it perpetually shut; and we may be equally sure that as often as he does open it, just so often will Michigan have occasion to be ashamed of herself—just so often will Michigan be the object of broad grins and sarcastic leers."

We have only to say that if Mr. Chandler turns out to be a greater dullard than Gen. Cass, he will prove himself a genius in that line.

Preston King, Republican, was on Tuesday last, elected by the Legislature of New York United States Senator for six years from the fourth of March next, to succeed Hamilton Fish, whose term will then expire. Mr. King was long a member of the Democratic party, and the intimate friend of the late Silas Wright.

MISS HOLLEY.

LANSING, January, 1857.

AFTER an absence of five years, Miss Sallie Holley has been labouring in this and part of Cayuga County, commencing the last of October, and ending early this month, and I can truly say that it has not been in vain. The traces of her former visit had not been erased from the minds of the people, but were remembered with gratitude, and the sacredness of the cause of the slave indelibly stamped upon their memories. And now again have we had a new series of lectures, revised and corrected, portraying more vividly and powerfully the heinous nature and diabolical spirit of American chattel slavery, its antagonism to Republicanism, to Democracy, and especially Christianity—its incompatibility with everything that is holy, just and true and of good report, socially, religiously and politically; and right well has she fulfilled that mission, in reviving the backsliders, confirming the faithful soldiers of the Anti-Slavery Cross, and making new converts to our holy cause, which even angels delight to look into, without a shadow of doubt, and are now tuning their harps to inaugurate the jubilee of emancipation of every slave that treads American soil, and usher in the redemption of universal man from thraldom to his fellow, and reinstate him in God's great family of humanity. Is not such a cause worthy the tenderest sympathy and support of every son and daughter of Adam? It surely commends itself to all.

Miss Holley's success through this section has been almost without precedent, in point of numbers to attend her lectures, of interest and sympathy felt, as well as some "substantial aid." Churches were readily opened, with perhaps four or five exceptions, and they, in two or three cases, closed by the ministers, one of whom has since asked for dismission, and, finding the proposition so acceptable, has reconsidered, withdrawn the request, and solicits longer indulgence for his pro-slavery ministrations, but I trust the flock will no longer hear the voice of such a shepherd. On thanksgiving day he told his congregation that he "thanked the Lord that Buchanan was elected, and that, too, by the help of the North." He it was that was a thorn in the side of that good anti-slavery man, Rev. Mr. Travers, of Northville, and was the instigator of a persecution that caused him to leave that church, and make his home in a more congenial clime, in a Western State, where the pro-slavery and pro-rum influence will be less pernicious, in its persecution, towards him. The Lord be his vanguard and reward. His successor, I am told, does not wear his mantle, but pledges himself against the cause of the slave. Mr. Franklin, I understand, caused a resolution to pass their Presbytery pledging a refusal to open their respective pulpits to the anti-slavery lecturer. Will this be heeded by the people? I trow not. If they follow their blind leaders, they will all fall into the ditch, or "slough of Despond." I trust they will awake from their lethargy before the night of death cometh, and "put on the whole armour of the anti-slavery gospel."

How striking is the resemblance between the Pharisees of the present day and their prototypes, the Pharisees of Christ's time—the same itching years for smooth things, following the tradition of the Elders, alias Doctors of Divinity, and their time-serving religious teachers, rather than the simple word of God and the dictates of common humanity; or, like the false prophets of old that Ezekiel so graphically describes (13th chapter) as crying Peace! peace! when there was no peace—one building a wall and another daubing with untempered mortar, and the consequence is that we see the walls fall, even at this day, and those that daubed it are sometimes—aye, always, sooner or later—"no more," or set aside. Alas! why do they not rather imitate Isaiah, who says, "Cry aloud and spare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgressions and the house of Jacob their sins." If all were as faithful as Ezekiel and Isaiah in their generation who profess to be religious teachers, methinks slavery would disappear in a twelve month, unless they previously, like Dr. Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia, deny and retract their own testimony.

At Trumansburgh, where a meeting was appointed for Miss Holley, but one man was found who favoured at all the lecture, and he was a Democrat, I understand. Mr. H. C——, a prominent, wealthy citizen, a temperance man and Republican, thought it not expedient to have Miss H. lecture there, as the people, he thought, were unwilling to receive instruction or teaching from the lips of woman; so no meeting was held there. In our own town excellent meetings were had, and great good was done, except on the call for a second lecture in the Presbyterian Church in Ludlowville, it was refused by the "powers that be." The Methodist Church willingly opened their house.

If, here in the State of New York, that gave 75,000 majority for the Republican ticket, and boasts of her Sewards, Clarks, Kings and Smiths and their love of freedom—if they cannot open their churches to anti-slavery lecturers, why ask the Brookses of South Carolina to cease pummelling the heads of our honoured Sumners at Washington, or ask them to stop driving from the Southern States those who prefer to vote for Fremont over the other candidates, or why beseech the South to hold from murdering the poor sighing bondman who, in imitation of our forefathers, is struggling for the free air of liberty? One is but the counterpart or reflection of the other. If the fathers of Republican, Free Soil New York eat sour grapes, why marvel if the teeth of the sons of slavery-cursed Virginia and Carolina are set on edge? I hope the time will soon come when the Church will be the home of every good cause, and anti-slavery not an exception.

Miss Holley is now lecturing in Cortland County, under the auspices of the Rev. William H. Fish, of Cortland, who invited her to labour in that County. Miss Putnam, who accompanies her, is doing a good work in collecting funds, circulating tracts, &c.

Yours for universal brotherhood, B. J. A.

AT a meeting of the Committee of the Library and Reading-Room of the Institute for Coloured Youth, held at the Institute on the evening of the 16th ult., the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously passed:

Having been apprized of the resignation of Mr. James M. Bustill, as Librarian of the Institute for Coloured Youth, the Committee feel that they owe him a debt of gratitude and respect for the highly laudable manner that he has discharged his duties and added to the usefulness and interest of the Library, during the four years of his connection with it; therefore,

Resolved, That the Committee do most sincerely tender to Mr. Bustill their hearty thanks for his services, and their unqualified assurance that his course and conduct as Librarian have been fully approved.

Resolved, That the Committee feel that the services of a capable and efficient officer have been lost, and regret that his resignation has occurred.

Resolved, That, in his retirement, he has the hearty desires of the Library Committee for his future welfare and usefulness, in this community and amongst those whom he may labour.

WM. STILL,
JACOB C. WHITE.

MR. GIDDINGS, by the advice of his physician, has left Washington and gone home. We trust that, in the bosom of his family and with entire freedom from public duties, his health may be restored.

HELP FOR THE INDIANS.

INTEGRAL REFORM ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the above Society, held on Wednesday, at 188 Grand street, Dr. Wm. Beach being in the chair, Mr. C. Smith, Esq., Secretary, Mr. J. Beeson, late of Oregon Territory, gave a very interesting address on the wrongs of the Indians, together with many facts showing their capacity for improvement. He was followed by Drs. Gould, Batcheler, Newbury, Swackhamer, and Messrs. Smith, Foster and others, on the same subject. A specimen of Indian art of exquisite workmanship was exhibited, fully demonstrating their claim to a position amongst the brotherhood of men.

It was resolved to submit for public consideration the propriety of forming a National Benevolent Society for the protection and improvement of the race; whereupon John Beeson, of 15 Laight street, New York, was appointed Corresponding Secretary.

Communications and suggestions are desired from all parts of the Union, from such as feel interested in advancing the above object; and the press generally are invited to bring this subject before the public.

WM. BEACH, Chairman.
C. SMITH, Secretary.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCIII.

THE ARGUMENT. The Correspondent meteorologizeth.—He treateth of thermometers and of the god Mercury.—Also of the snow.—And of where he was snowed up.—He describeth the Annual Meeting.—He abuseth the Melodeon.—And praiseth, with reservations, the Tremont Temple.—Of the Newspapers and their accounts of the attendance.—Of the virtue of the Devil.—He mourneth over the decline of Union-saving virtue.—Of what was said there.—Of the Brooks Question.—He giveth an account of Mr. Thalberg's Concerts to the Children of the Public Schools.—Of the colour question in the Schools.—He praiseth Mr. Thalberg generally and concludeth, &c., &c., &c.

BOSTON, Feb. 2, 1857.

How have you been off for cold weather since I wrote to you? I dare say you imagine you have had some that would do you credit; but you can have had none that can come up (or go down) to ours. A friend of mine writing from the North River asks me how I like to have the glass at 10 deg. below zero? I scoff at the suggestion and shall tell him that when the glass stands only at that point, we sit at open windows fanning ourselves. But when the mercury runs out of the way of the cold at such a rate as to hide itself at 30 deg. then we will acknowledge that it is a cold snap. Authentic thermometers (for all that call themselves such are not to be relied upon) have stood at 29 deg. below zero, to my personal knowledge; and rumours have been heard of certain of the kind having reached various points between 30 and 40 deg., even about here. At Montpelier (a different place, I trow, from the one to which they send invalids in Europe) and at Franconia, the mercury grew tired of the race and fairly gave in and stopped running. The slippery god was cornered and had to change himself into ice. There were no thermometers long enough to let people know how cold they were. It was, indeed, a fearful season for a few days.

And then, afterwards, the snow came and stopped up all our communications with the world at a distance. I chanced to be snowed up (as I have been before) at the house of a very particular friend about ten miles from here. For three days an absolute famine of news prevailed. Not a newspaper came to let us know how the world was wagging; not a letter to give us tidings of private friends and their doings. It was a case of real distress. I do not remember an embargo of equal distress and duration. Tom Jefferson's was a fool to it—supposing I could remember that—which, of course, I can't. The drifts of snow on all the country roads were prodigeous. Some people had to make their way out of their houses under a kind of triumphal arch. In short, it was like one of the storms which we used to have accounts of from the Oldest Inhabitants when we were the Youngest, and as to which we used to entertain some grains of doubt. But we can believe anything now, that they could be pleased to tell us. Only, the severity of the cold weather does not last as it seems to have done in their time. To-day, for instance, it is mild and melting—more like a warm day in April than one in the very heart of Mid-winter.

It was lucky for our Annual Meeting that it was held a week later than usual, or we should have been put down by the snow. The difficulty of reaching the town would have hindered it of any frequency of attendance. But, as it was, we had a very good meeting, indeed. I should judge it to have been quite up to the average of meetings in numbers and in spirit. It being held off Washington street was of some injury to its notoriety, and so to its numerical force; but still it was a necessity, and we had no reason to complain of the result. The Melodeon had become past endurance. In point of size and convenience it was well enough, but the builders seem to have contrived to bring their supply of cold air for the furnace which warmed the building through a common sewer and an uncommon stable, so that the article furnished for breathing was of the most intolerable description. One could stand it for a single hour for a lecture, or a panorama; but when it came to sitting in that fetid atmosphere for two or three consecutive days and evenings, it was more than the most thricely brass-bound breasts could stand. How we all escaped typhus fevers (if we all did) I cannot explain, so I was content to take up with the Meionaon (or Lesser Temple) for the day meetings, and with the Greater or Tremont Temple for one evening, and the Hall of the Mercantile Association for the other.

The pro-slavery newspapers, as usual, represented the meetings as small. In fact, to believe them, they have always been small, ever since Abolition began to go down, or to die out, which it did as soon after its birth as it began to make noise enough to be heard. It was not true, however, that the attendance was smaller than usual. The day meetings were good and the evening ones better than good. The Tremont Temple, which is a very large room, was extremely well filled on the last evening, and the Mercantile Hall on the first one; and this although ten cents was exacted at the door of all desirous of entering in. The audience on the last evening would have filled the Melodeon. The discovery of this little silver key to our evening meetings has been a golden one to us. For it has secured perfect quietness and good order at them. It is melancholy to reflect that even the most patriotic Union-Savers will not invest even this small sum to secure its Salvation. They are content to save it *gratis*, but not to pay even a dime for so great an end. It keeps none away who really take an interest, friendly or otherwise, in the objects of the meeting, while it exorcises the tribe of boys and blackguards who used to find their cheap diversion in disturbing our meetings.

The Speaking was very good, and with sufficient diversity of opinion to give the spice of variety to the discussions. As you will have the proceedings in full in the same paper that will contain this letter, it is of no use to be more specific. The death of Preston S. Brooks of course gave a text to some discourses, but not much. It has been talked of and commented upon much more out of doors. Some persons incline to look upon it as a judgment upon Brooks for his crime of last May. But we Abolitionists hardly think he was of consequence enough to have caused Divine Providence to deviate from the ordinary course of its dispensations to make an end of him. Many men as bad as he have the free use of their windpipes yet, and many much better have been suddenly cut off in the midst of life. It is not unlikely, indeed, that there was a natural connection between his crime and his death. The knowledge of the abhorrence and contempt in which he was held by the Northern half of the country, and the suspicion, at least, that he was looked upon as a mischievous blunderhead by the intelligent and sensible part of the Southern half, may very possibly have worked on his physical system in a way that unfitted it to resist the attack of his disease. He could not "trammel up the consequences" of the assassination he attempted, even to himself. But, certainly, seven months ago one would not have supposed that Brooks would have gone first to the account to which he did his best to send Mr. Sumner.

Mr. Thalberg finished a very successful visit to this city in a very graceful way. He made a parting gift of his best harmonies to the children of the public schools, who were old enough to enjoy them. It was a mighty pretty sight. The Music Hall here, which you know is a very large and elegant one, was filled with children from fourteen downwards, in the very highest spirits at their good luck. Even the seriousness which seems to belong to Mr. Thalberg's countenance welled away to a smile when he first saw the sea of smiling, eager faces before him. He and his assistant artists seemed to enter heartily into the spirit of the occasion, and did their best to astonish the young natives. It was pleasant to see among the rosy cheeks the darker hues of the coloured children, who were treated with exact equality, and nobody seemed to mind it. The long battle which we had to fight to secure the equal rights of coloured children in the Free Schools, is now forgotten in the success which has crowned it. I believe there is not even the pretence that common honesty has not been good policy in this respect. After the Concert was over, the artists took their seats at the feet of Beethoven, who stands in living bronze in the centre of the platform, and the Rev. Dr. Lathrop thanked them for the pleasure they had thus freely imparted, and then four little girls advanced and gave to each a superb bouquet of the finest flowers, as the acknowledgment of the children. These tributes having been graciously received, the assembly broke up, amid the cheers of the boys and waving handkerchiefs of the girls. It was a very remarkable occasion, and will be long remembered by the young beneficiaries. Mr. Thalberg has shown throughout all his arrangements a liberality which honourably contrasts with that of many other musical celebrities, who have come before him. And he has had everywhere, I believe, the success which his undisputed preëminence in his line deserves.

D. Y.

ONE OF WASHINGTON'S SLAVES.—Mrs. Kirkland, in her "Memoirs of Washington," just published, tells the following anecdote, which, she says, she had from the lips of the white lady referred to therein, who is now living in this city. Can anybody inform us whether "Oney" was the woman whom Washington sought, through the interposition of the Collector of customs at Portsmouth, to catch and force again into his service? We suspect that such is the fact, but our recollection does not enable us to settle the point. If Oney's desire for freedom and a knowledge of letters was honourable to herself and to human nature, what shall we say of Washington, who, though a professed champion of the rights of man and the chosen leader of the American people in their struggle for freedom, still held an American woman in slavery, compelling her to toil without compensation and not even permitting her to learn to read and write? If his example were not constantly urged as a justification of slavery in our own day, we would gladly, with averted eyes, drop a mantle to conceal his moral "nakedness" from the world's gaze. But to the anecdote:

An incident in his [Washington's] own family brought directly home to him the contradictory and rather ridiculous aspect which a slaveholding champion of liberty must present to the world.

When Mrs. Washington's favourite maid, Oney, the woman who had long been her personal attendant, done her fine sewing and prepared her caps—a nice matter of home clear-starching, quilling and frilling in those days—when this Oney ran away, and Mrs. Washington, missing her every moment, and not knowing where to look for a substitute, desired the General to advertise, offering a reward for her, he wholly declined, with a laugh (and, we doubt not, a blush too), saying it would appear finely for *him* to be advertising a runaway slave!

This woman, Oney, went to one of the Eastern States, and called on a young lady who was intimate with Gen. Washington's family, who had seen her a thousand times at her mistress's side, and who was, of course, exceedingly surprised to see her so far from home, knowing that she was indispensable to Mrs. Washington.

"Why, Oney!" said Miss L——, "where in the world have you come from?"

"Come from New York, missis," said Oney.

"But why did you come away—how can Mrs. Washington do without you?"

Oney hung her head at this, but after a moment replied, "Run away, missis."

"Run away! and from such an excellent place! Why, what could induce you? You had a room to yourself, and only light, nice work to do, and every indulgence—"

"Yes, I know; but I wanted to be free, missis—wanted to learn to read and write—"

This was Oney's only motive; and she remained in Maine, married and settled there, and was her own mistress ever after, though very probably with far harder work and poorer fare than had been her lot at the President's.

REV. W. H. CHANNING.—The *European* (Liverpool) *Times* gives us the following information respecting the future plans of this distinguished preacher.

"The Rev. W. H. Channing, Minister of Renshaw street Unitarian Chapel, has received an influential call to become the minister of a new independent church at Washington, so that his preëminent ability and zeal may again have scope in his native land, in the life and death struggle between slavery and freedom. Having accepted this offer, his resignation was laid before the congregation on Sunday last, at the annual meeting after morning service. His term will expire in August next, and he purposes being with his friends at Washington in October."

As the church in Washington which has called Mr. Channing is a "new" and "independent" one, we infer that it is composed of that portion of the Unitarian congregation which sustained Mr. Conway. On this point, however, we can say nothing of our own knowledge, for, until we saw the above paragraph, we did not even know that Mr. Channing had been invited to Washington.

"SLAVERY AND INFIDELITY."—In THE STANDARD of the 17th ult. we reviewed a tract on this subject, lately published in Cincinnati, by the American Reform Book and Tract Society, of which the Rev. W. W. PATTON, late of Hartford, now of Chicago, is the author. We have received from Mr. Patton a reply to our critique, for which we cannot conveniently make room this week, but which shall have a place in our next. If we have, in any particular, misunderstood Mr. Patton, or done him any injustice, we shall be very glad to be set right; and we shall gladly afford him a hearing, however widely our views may differ from his.

T. W. HIGGINSON delivered a lecture recently at Portland on "Kansas and the Union," in which he compared the latter to "a see-saw, with the plank cracked in the middle, and certain, sooner or later, to break." *The State of Maine*, which, like most American journals, thinks the Union too sacred to be thus rudely handled, appears to have been rather shocked by this comparison, though it speaks of the lecture, as a whole, in very commendatory terms.

SENATOR SUMNER.—The Andover (Mass.) *Advertiser* states that Mr. Sumner will go to Washington before the adjournment of Congress to record his vote upon some measures before that body. After the close of the session, he will go to Europe and spend several months on the continent. He hopes to return home, with health perfectly restored, in time to take his seat at the opening of Congress in December next.

WENDELL PHILLIPS has made no better speech in the last five years, if in his whole life, than the one we this week publish. Its logic is as irrefragible as its eloquence is persuasive. We suggest to our Republican cotemporaries that if, notwithstanding their regard for the Union, they are disposed to do a handsome thing, and to treat with fairness the views of the Old School Abolitionists, they ought to publish this speech.

Summary.

MODEST.—A nice young lady was once asked the nearest way to her chamber. She replied, "Through the churchyard up to the Altar." The querist was so charmed that he travelled that road within a month.

The *Puritan Recorder* says that a Catholic priest in Lowell, Mass., has lately, on two or three occasions, taken some boys of his congregation into the vestry of his church, and flogged them severely, because they did not attend church regularly.

Complaint is made of the brevity of the prayers of Rev. Daniel Foster, the chaplain of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. One morning he occupied but 30 seconds, and another less than a minute. He evidently proposes to do his part towards a short session.

A BIG LUMP OF LAKE SUPERIOR SILVER. — Mr. Whiting, clerk of the propeller Gen. Taylor, who left Ontonagon on the 5th inst., says that a mass of pure solid silver, weighing *sixty-five* pounds, had just been taken from the Minnesota mine. At its current market value, $7 per ounce, this mass would be worth $1,040.—*Chicago Dem. Press.*

HOW TO GET RID OF SPANISH COIN.—We heard of a merchant living up town, who paid one of his servant girls o Saturday last, three dollars in *Spanish shilling pieces*, which he had brought up from his store for that purpose. By this shrewd manœuvre he saved—and she lost—sixty cents. Of course he lives in a stone front, and is rich; such a man could not remain poor.—*Daily Times, Jan. 27th.*

CRAWFORD, the American sculptor, now in Rome, is suffering from a malignant cancer over one of his eyes. There is scarcely a hope of his recovery. Mr. Crawford is a native of New York, and stands at the head of American sculptors. His wife is daughter of the late Samuel Ward, a niece of Dr. J. W. Francis, and sister of Mrs. Howe, author of *Passion Flowers*.

A STUMPER.—Children ask some curious questions. We have a little boy in "our house," who came home from the Sabbath school one day, and meeting his mother, the following dialogue took place: "Mama!" "Well, my dear." "Mama, teacher says people are all made of dust." "Yes, my dear, so the bible says." "Well, Mama, are white people made of dust?" "Yes." "Well, then, I s'pose *coloured people are made of coal dust, aint they?*"

NEBRASKA.—The House of Representatives of Nebraska, by a vote of 23 to 12, have passed the bill to remove the Territorial Capital to Douglas City, a town in Lancaster County, on Saline Creek, at a point seventy miles North of the Kansas line, and thirty West of the Missouri—the bill having before passed the Council by a vote of 9 to 4. Both the friends and the enemies of the bill expect that Gov. Izard will interpose his veto.

SENTENCED TO BANISHMENT FOR NEGRO STEALING.—Governor Allston, of South Carolina, has commuted the sentence of death lately passed upon Darling Beam, of Fairfield, for negro stealing, to imprisonment for one year and ten years' banishment from the State. The petition for commutation was signed by the owner of the slave, the jury, and a large number of the prominent inhabitants of Fairfield. The petition sets forth an almost entire lack of capacity on the part of Beam, be being a very ignorant and simple-minded man. From the character of the parties, it seems doubtful whether Beam stole the slave (a negress) or was himself her dupe.

LAMARTINE'S POVERTY.—The subscription for Lamartine's benefit, in France, has brought him the handsome sum of $80,000. In addition to this, for the use of his name by two Paris journals, and from his Eastern possessions, he derives an income annually of $15,000, a sum itself, we should think, sufficient for any literary man. We hope there is an end, at last, to the poet's mediocity—the world will, otherwise, soon be disposed to give another spelling to that word in his case.—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

NEGRO VOTING IN THE SOUTH.—In the Ohio State *Journal* of Saturday evening, in the leading article, concerning a petition presented for the amendment of Article 5, Section 1, of the Constitution of Ohio, striking the word white therefrom, we find the following:

"In Tennessee and North Carolina, free negroes used to vote. The Hon. John Bell, the present Senator from Tennessee, told us not a month ago, in Cincinnati, that the first time he ran for Congress in his District, he received upward of three hundred negro votes. He was then a Jackson man, and the negroes who voted for him doubtless voted for the hero of New Orleans likewise."

A DUKE IN PURSUIT OF A DUCHESS.—We found the following scrap of intelligence in a Virginia newspaper a few days ago:

"The Duke of St. Thora was in Petersburg, Va., last week, on his way to New York. He is a splendid nigger, with lots of baggage, is a high noble of Hayti, a particular friend of Faustin, and visits the United States with a view to matrimony! What do you think of that, girls?"

As no mention has been made of the arrival of this "splendid nigger" in New York, we fear he has been taken up and sold at auction in Virginia. Or he may have formed a matrimonial alliance, and found a duchess among the F.F.V's.—*Times.*

RETORT COURTEOUS.—While two little girls, one the daughter of a clergyman, and the other, the child of one of his parishioners, were playing together; they fell into an angry dispute, as children often will, in imitation of their seniors. To mortify and spite her antagonist, the layman's little girl saw fit to remind her of her father's well-known poverty, and intimated, rather tartly, that had it not been for *her* father's benevolent interference, the poor minister would have been in the work-house.

"Well, I do n't care," replied the other, "if it had n't been for *my* father, *yours* would have been in *hell*, long ago!"

STALING ON THE MARKET.—Offering the Mount Vernon Estate to Congress for ten times its value—hawking it subsequently through the Virginia Legislature at a lower figure—commissioning the women of the Old Dominion to pass around their bonnets for contributions to a big fund to buy it—having its purchase recommended to Congress by the United States Agricultural Society, for the purpose of making it a National Farm—selling its trees at enormous prices to be converted by a speculator into walking sticks, are altogether staling the property on the market. There is throughout the country a sensible diminution of interest in the spot consecrated by the labours and death of the great Washington.—*Alb. Eve Jour.*

The President commenced a series of State Dinners to-day, inviting the Supreme Court and twenty-one Congressmen in alphabetical order. The dinners will be given every Thursday through the session, until each member of both Houses has received an invitation. By this system of inviting them alphabetically, every sort of mixture of politics is made, and by thus placing men who are personal enemies in some instances to each other, side by side, it causes a degree of constraint that is anything but agreeable. It is no uncommon thing either for an honourable gentleman to hurry through a speech in which he denounces not only the policy but the motives of the President, and then for him to go directly to the White House and put his feet under the same mahogany with the man he so lately assailed.—*Cor. N. Y. Evangelist.*

OBITUARY OF THE "COPPER."—As the old "red cent" is about being called in, some of our cotemporaries are writing its history and obituary. The cent was proposed in 1782, by Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, and was named by Jefferson, two years later. It began to make its appearance from the mint in 1792. It bore then the head of Washington on one side, and thirteen links on the other. The French Revolution soon after created a rage for French ideas in America, which put on the cent, instead of the head of Washington, the head of the Goddess of Liberty—a French Liberty, with neck thrust forward and flowing locks. The chain on the reverse was replaced by the olive wreath of peace. But the French Liberty was short-lived, and so was her portrait on our cent. The present staid, classic dame, with a filler around her hair, came into fashion about thirty or forty years ago, and her finely chiselled Grecian features have been but slightly altered by the lapse of time.

DEFENDING THE SOUTH.—There is a vast amount of good sense in the following paragraph from the New Orleans *Bulletin:*

"The best way of defending the rights of the South is to make a vigorous and extended assault upon old fields and dilapidated fences. The enemy is sure to enter in at every gap and to lie concealed in every briar patch and score of weeds he may discover To rout him, horse, foot and dragoons, it is necessary to set the plough and the spade going, and then to overwhelm him with mountains of manure. Nothing like manure for the rights of the South, and the expulsion of its enemies. They can't stand it at all. The 'Virginia and Kentucky resolutions' are nothing in comparison with it. They may be attacked in front and rear, terribly shattered; but muck from the swamps, and deep plowing, with plenty of it, will prove invulnerable. Cotton bales are but gossamer in potency placed beside heaps of muck."

DOUGLAS ON YANKEE SCHOOLMASTERS. — Senator Douglas has recently been amusing himself with writing a sneering letter to his home organ in Chicago, on the subject of Yankee schoolmasters. In that letter the small giant says:

"You are to be 'Yankeefied'—in other words Abolitionized, by means of Abolition school teachers and Abolition preachers. And they will do it, too, unless, in vulgar parlance, you 'take the bull by the horns.' I hope we shall prove to be as active and untiring in the defence of Democratic principles, as they are in propagating error. The resolution should be taken not to support an enemy in your midst to propagate among your children the black and hateful doctrines of Abolitionism. The remedy is in your own hands, and the advice, I believe, is salutary."

This, says *The Chicago Democrat*, comes with an ill grace from one who, but a few years ago, came to Illinois a young Vermonter, and applied to the Rev. Mr. Beecher, of Jacksonville, in this State, to assist him in getting a school to teach. How great our Stephen has grown!

AN INFANT OF A HUNDRED YEARS.—A friend hands us the following notice of an ancient personage, who died last week in Brooklyn. She was a poor coloured woman, named Lydia Briggs, who had lived, as nearly as can be ascertained, to the advanced age of *one hundred and five years*. She was born near Newbury, in this State, where for many years she was a slave, having been owned by seven masters. She had seven children, who were also slaves; the oldest were set free, while the youngest were obliged to work out their freedom. Her last days were spent with a daughter in circumstances of great poverty and destitution. Early in the Winter she was found by some of the teachers of the Mount Prospect Mission Sabbath School, in Brooklyn, to whom she expressed a great desire to learn to read, with her determination to attend the Sabbath School for that purpose. She did not seem to regard her extreme age as any obstacle, but only thought of the happiness and privilege of being able to read. The severity of the season, however, and her increasing infirmities, prevented her from attending the School as she wished. Her long and weary pilgrimage, extended so far beyond the time allotted to men, was closed Jan. 16.—*N. Y. Evangelist

Miscellaneous Department.

From The National Era.

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O'ER the bare woods, whose outstretched hands
Plead with the leaden heavens in vain,
I see, beyond the valley lands,
The sea's long level dim with rain.
Around me all things, stark and dumb,
Seem praying for the snows to come,
And, for the Summer bloom and greenness gone,
With Winter's sunset lights and dazzling morns atone.

Along the river's summer walk,
The withered tufts of asters nod;
And trembles on its arid stalk
The hoar plume of the golden-rod.
And in the wind, that fails to stir
The azure studded juniper,
The silver birch its buds of purple shows,
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the sweet wild rose!

With mingled sounds of horns and bells,
A far-heard clang, the wild geese fly,
Storm-sent, from Arctic moors and fells,
Like a great arrow through the sky,
Two dusky lines converged in one,
Chasing the southward-flying sun;
While the brave snow-bird and the hardy jay
Call to them from the pines, as if to bid them stay.

I passed this way a year ago:
The wind blew South; the noon of day
Was warm as June's; and save that snow
Flecked the wild mountains far away,
And that the vernal-seeming breeze
Mocked faded grass and leafless trees,
I might have dreamed of Summer as I lay,
Watching the fallen leaves with the soft wind at play.

Since then, the Winter blasts have piled
The white pagodas of the snow
On these rough slopes, and, strong and wild,
Yon river, in its overflow
Of Spring-time rain and sun, set free,
Crashed with its ices to the sea;
And over these gray fields, then green and gold,
The Summer corn has waved, the thunder's organ rolled.

Rich gift of God! A year of time!
What pomp of rise and shut of day,
What hues wherewith our Northern clime
Makes Autumn's drooping woodlands gay,
What airs outblown from ferny dells,
And clover-bloom and sweet-brier smells,
What songs of brooks and birds, what fruits and flowers,
Green woods and moon-lit snows, have in its round been ours!

I know not how, in other lands,
The changing seasons come and go;
What splendours fall on Syrian sands,
What purple lights on Alpine snow!
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits
On Venice at her watery gates;
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale,
And the Alhambra's halls are but a traveller's tale.

Yet, on life's current, he who drifts
Is one with him who rows or sails;
And he who wanders widest, lifts
No more of beauty's jealous veils
Than he who from his doorway sees
The miracle of flowers and trees,
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air,
And from cloud minarets hears the sunset call to prayer!

The eye may well be glad, that looks
Where Pharpar's fountains rise and fall;
But he who sees his native brooks
Laugh in the sun, has seen them all.
The marble palaces of Ind
Rise round him in the snow and wind;
From his lone sweet-brier Persian Hafiz smiles,
And Rome's cathedral awe is in his woodland aisles.

And thus it is my fancy blends
The near at hand and far and rare;
And while the same horizon bends
Above the silver sprinkled hair,
Which flashed the light of morning skies
On childhood's wonder-lifted eyes,
Within its round of sea and sky and field,
Earth wheels with all her zones, the Kosmos stands revealed.

And thus the sick man on his bed,
The toiler to his task-work bound,
Behold their prison-walls outspread,
Their clipped horizon widen round!
While freedom-giving fancy waits,
Like Peter's angel at the gates,
The power is there to baffle care and pain,
To bring the lost world back, and make it theirs again!

What lack of goodly company,
When masters of the ancient lyre
Obey my call, and trace for me
Their words of mingled tears and fire!
I talk with Bacon, grave and wise;
I read the world with Pascal's eyes;
And priest and sage, with solemn brows austere,
And poets, garland-bound, the Lords of Thought, draw near!

Methinks, oh friend, I hear thee say,
"In vain the human heart we mock;
Bring living guests who love the day,
Not ghosts who fly at crow of cock!
The herbs we share with flesh and blood,
Are better than ambrosial food,
With laurelled shades." I grant it, nothing loth,
But doubly blest is he who can partake of both.

He who might Plato's banquet grace,
Have I not seen before me sit,
And watched his puritanic face,
With more than Eastern wisdom lit?
Shrewd mystic! who, upon the back
Of his Poor Richard's Almanack,
Writing the Sufi's song, the Gentoo's dream,
Link's Menu's age of thought to Fulton's age of steam!

Here, too, of answering love secure,
Have I not welcomed to my hearth
The gentle pilgrim rondadore,
Whose songs have girdled half the earth;
Whose pages, like the magic mat
Whereon the Eastern lover sat,
Have borne me over Rhine-land's purple vines,
And Nubia's tawny sands, and Phrygia's mountain pines!

And he, who to the lettered wealth
Of ages, adds the lore unpriced,
The wisdom and the moral health,
The ethics of the school of Christ:
The statesman to his holy trust
As the Athenian archon just,
Struck down, exiled like him for truth alone,
Has he not graced my home with beauty all his own?

What greetings smile, what farewells wave,
What loved ones enter and depart!
The good, the beautiful, the brave,
The Heaven-lent treasures of the heart!
How conscious seem the frozen sod
And beechen slope whereon they trod!
The oak leaves rustle, and the dry grass bends
Beneath the shadowy feet of lost or absent friends.

Then ask not why to these bleak hills
I cling, as clings the tufted moss,
To bear the Winter's lingering chills,
The mocking Spring's perpetual loss.
I dream of lands where Summer smiles,
And soft winds blow from spicy isles,
But scarce would Ceylon's breath of flowers be sweet,
Could I not feel thy soil, New England, at my feet!

At times I long for gentler skies,
And bathe in dreams of softer air,
But home-sick tears would fill the eyes
That saw the Cross without the Bear.
The pine must whisper to the palm,
The north wind break the tropic calm;
And with the dreamy languor of the Line,
The North's keen virtue blend, and strength to beauty join.

Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie,
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,
Of God's occasions drifting by!
Better with naked nerve to bear
The needles of this goading air,
Than, in the lap of sensual ease, forego
The Godlike power to do, the Godlike aim to know.

Home of my heart! to me more fair
Than gay Versailles or Windsor's halls,
The painted, shingly town-house where
The freeman's vote for Freedom falls!
The simple roof where prayer is made,
Than Gothic groin and colonnade;
The living temple of the heart of man,
Than Rome's sky-mocking vault, or many-spired Milan!

More dear thy equal village schools,
Where rich and poor the Bible read,
Than classic halls where Priestcraft rules,
And Learning wears the chains of Creed;
Thy glad Thanksgiving, gathering in
The scattered sheaves of home and kin,
Than the mad license following Lenten pains,
Or holydays of slaves who laugh and dance in chains.

And sweet homes nestle in these dales,
And perch along these wooded swells;
And, blest beyond Arcadian vales,
They hear the sound of Sabbath bells!
Here dwells no perfect man sublime,
Nor woman winged before her time,
But, with the faults and follies of the race,
Old home-bred virtues hold their not unhonoured place.

Here manhood struggles for the sake
Of mother, sister, daughter, wife,
The graces and the loves which make
The music of the march of life;
And woman, in her daily round
Of duty, walks on holy ground.
No unpaid menial tills the soil, nor here
Is the bad lesson learned, at human rights to sneer.

Then let the icy North wind blow
The trumpets of the coming storm,
To arrowy sleet and blinding snow
Yon slanting lines of rain transform.
Young hearts shall hail the drifted cold,
As gaily as I did of old;
And I, who watch them through the frosted pane,
Unenvious, live in them my boyhood o'er again.

And I will trust that He who heeds
The life that hides in marsh and wold,
Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,
And stains these mosses green and gold,
Will still, as He hath done, incline
His gracious care to me and mine;
Grant what we ask aright, from wrong debar,
And, as the earth grows dark, make brighter every star!

I have not seen, I may not see,
My hopes for man take form in fact.
But God will give the victory
In due time; in that faith I act.
And he who sees the future sure,
The baffling present may endure,
And bless meanwhile, in unseen hand that leads
The heart's desires beyond the halting step of deeds.

And thou, my song, I send thee forth,
Where harsher songs of mine have flown;
Go, find a place at home and hearth
Wherein thy singer's name is known;
Revive for him the kindly thought
Of friends; and they who love him not,
Touched by some strain of thine, perchance may take
The hand he proffers all, and thank him for thy sake.

SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

SINCE the Pickwick Papers, there has been no such delightful reading as the Journals of the late Southern Convention at Savannah. The world is greatly indebted to the gentlemen who engaged with such alacrity in this seasonable *divertissement*, and whose eloquent naiveté equaled that of Snodgrass, Tupman and Winkle in their palmiest moments. After the grave excitement of a presidential election, the convention came in as naturally as a farce after a drama—*Raising the Wind*, for instance, after *Old Heads and Young Hearts*. The whole affair sprang out of the charity of generous souls who wished to give the country a laugh, to treat us all to a good Christmas burlesque, and atone, by their impromptu performance, for the lamentable absence, in American amusements, of clown, harlequin and pantaloon. A chivalric paper, with even more perception than the *Eatanswill Gazette*, entered fully into the sly humour of the performance, and announced that the convention passed resolutions which would be recorded and filed as the basis of future resolutions at future conventions.

The success of the exhibition was signal. We congratulate all the performers upon having given the country a heartier laugh than it has enjoyed for many months. We are quite sure that the spectacle was more ludicrous than the actors themselves conceived, and the Pickwick Club might have learned many a valuable lesson from its Savannah rival. It was a matter of regret that a distinguished amateur clown from Virginia, whose ground and lofty tumblings, during the Summer season, had won him such merited consideration, should have been unavoidably prevented from appearing, by a little job of cabinet-work which he had undertaken. But the country was reconciled to the absence of the South Carolina pet, knowing how exhausted he had been by his recent striking performance in that absurd old farce, *My Uncle*, in which he was so appropriately supported by a collection of sticks from his native State. The Georgia bragger, although a good deal hackneyed in his part, came in, toward the end of the performance, with a tolerable joke, which served, at least, to show his capacity. But, in general, the whole spectacle was of the freshest character, scarcely any of the actors having ever before been heard of.

Of all the good jokes perpetrated by the Savannah Pickwickians, none seems to us more purely humourous than the debate upon a "southern literature." Resolved, say these lovely wags, that there is no southern literature. Resolved, that there ought to be a southern literature. Resolved, that there shall be a southern literature. Resolved—this time the delighted reader is sure they are going to authorize W. Gilmore Simms, LL.D., to construct a southern literature. Not at all. The very best of the joke is that his name is omitted altogether, and sundry other gentlemen are requested to take the matter in hand. Dr. Simms is destined this year, to be a victim. He went away from New York some time since, and was announced as a martyr in some sympathetic newspaper. But here there was a grave question—whether the martyrdom on that occasion was in the pulpit or in the pews. At home, however, there can be no doubt that he was deliberately sacrificed. It is now many years since Dr. Simms and his writings have done duty—and well, too—as the southern author and a southern literature. If an unwary critic ever chanced to suggest that, haply, "the spirit of the free States seemed to be more conducive to literary affluence and excellence than that of the slave States," the outraged press of the latter scoffed at him bitterly, and soon silenced him with Simms. And yet, at the very moment when there is question of creating a southern literature upon the great scale, by a vote of the Savannah Pickwickians, the name of W. Gilmore Simms, LL.D., is ruthlessly omitted!

It appears, according to the Savannah club, that neither English nor American authors are capable of producing this "southern literature," and for once the gentlemen who want it must turn to and help themselves. One of the practical humourists of the club, a very Tracy Tupman, remarked plaintively—"They had at one time a literary publication in South Carolina, but where was it now?" and, having thus exposed the probable success of the effort to establish a "southern literature," the delightful Tupman proceeds with the most brilliant *non sequitur* upon record:

"It was important that the South should have a literature of her own, to defend her principles and her rights. He thought they could get text-books at home, without going either to Old England or to New England for them. These resolutions would do harm, and he thought that, instead of passing resolves, it would be better for each man to determine hereafter to encourage no Northern books or papers (applause). *Let the country understand, that the South had talent enough to do anything that needs to be done, and independence enough to do it.* Let Southern children be kept from Northern educational institutions, and Northern instructors be excluded from the South. Let Southern colleges and manufacturing establishments be built up. A thousand commercial conventions would not do as much towards making the South independent of New England as one good college or manufacturing establishment."

"Her principles and her rights," which the southern literature is to be established to illustrate and defend, are, the *principle* that a man is a thing, and the *right* of selling him and his children into perpetual slavery. And with an elaboration of humour which Grimaldi, not to say Sam Weller, would have envied, this good Tupman continues—

"He did not know in what part of Europe they could expect to get text-books that would suit the southern country. Certainly not in England, where their own language was spoken and written."

So far Tupman was certainly correct. But if he be determined to look abroad for the foundation of the "southern literature," notwithstanding that the country is to take notice that "the South has talent enough to do anything that needs to be done," why should he not look into Russian or Turkish letters? Certainly a judicious selection of works might be made from those literatures, which, under the careful supervision and excision of the American Tract Society, and protected by the laws of South Carolina, Louisiana, Virginia, Georgia, etc., against education, might be cautiously introduced as the nucleus of the enterprise. We commend this suggestion to the attention of the numerous gentlemen, whom as scholars and literary men, we congratulate upon their appointment, by the men who find the literature of Shakespeare and Milton not fit for their purposes, to

"prepare such a series of books in every department of study, from the earliest primer to the highest grades of literature and science, as may seem to them best qualified to elevate and purify the education of the South."

These are the gentlemen—but why did not the facetious Tupman, who remembered that there "had been" a literary publication in South Carolina, recall that there is a literary man there, and do justice to the martyr Simms?

"Profs. Bledsoe, McGuffy, of Va.; President Smith, of Randolph and Weaver College, Va.; Hon. Geo. E. Badger, and D. L. Swain, of N. C.; Rt. Rev. Bishop Elliott, and J. Hamilton Cooper, of Ga.; Prof. John Lecompte, Rev. J. H. Thornwell, Rev. J. W. Miles, and Rev. Dr. Curtis, of S. C.; President Tallmon, of Ga.; Dr. Lacey, of N. C.; Ashbel Smith, of Texas; President Longstreet, of Miss.; Dr. Garland, of Ala.; Charles Gayarre, of La.; Dr. Richard Fuller, of Md.; and Dr. Alonzo Church, of Ga."

There was no especial time mentioned in which the southern literature must be completed by these gentlemen; and that is a little defect in the humour of the joke. Why not have resolved, for instance, that the article must be delivered at the next meeting of the Pickwickians at Knoxville? But meanwhile, Winkle, of Georgia, submitted the following additional resolution:

"Resolved, That it is recommended to the Legislatures of the Southern States to withhold, from all schools and academies that use Northern text books or employ Northern teachers, any portion of the school fund.

"This, he thought, would be striking at the root of the evil; but so long as they permitted Northern 'schoolmarms' and school-teachers to come here, they could, of course, select injurious books for their scholars. He was for excluding such people and their books altogether (applause)."

Winkle, of Georgia, is evidently stern but sagacious. Sagacious, because, while Northern books and "schoolmarms" come in, the chances of the southern literature may languish; but stern, because his method would restrict the reading public of "the South" to that literature which, by the terms of the joke, does not yet exist. Does Winkle mockingly mean to recommend to Southern readers the "literary publication" which "they had at one time" in South Carolina? He insisted that the State Legislatures should exclude the "northern literary publications," which would consequently force into the field "the talent enough to do anything," to which Tupman gracefully alluded.

But Augustus Snodgrass, of South Carolina, took a bolder sweep, and by implication called Winkle and Tupman spoons. Augustus Snodgrass said:

"He was opposed to this child's play—these resolves not to subscribe to Northern periodicals, or buy Northern goods. It was nothing but a miserable subterfuge, and would amount to nothing practical. Whatever resolves this convention might adopt, Southern ladies would continue to read *Godey's Lady's Book* and *Arthur's Home Magazine*, no matter what sentiments they might advance; the ladies wanted the fashions and their hoops, and they would have them (laughter). They could get these things at the North, but not at the South. Northern publishers employed the talent of the South and of the whole country to write for them, and poured out thousands annually for it; but Southern men expected to get talent without paying for it. The *Southern Quarterly Review* and the *Literary Messenger* were literally struggling for existence, for want of material aid. But these journals were as well supported at the South as Northern periodicals were. It was not the South that built up Northern literature; *they did it themselves*. There was talent, and mind, and poetic genius enough in the South to build up a literature of a high order; but Southern publishers could not get money to assist them in their enterprises, and, therefore, the South had no literature. He regarded these resolutions as mere child's play."

Snodgrass agrees with Tupman's theory of "talent enough to do anything," by declaring that there "is talent, and mind, and poetic genius enough in the South to build up a literature of a high order," if it were only encouraged. The wag never asks why it is not encouraged. The droll Snodgrass never hints that there is a choice of mental as well as other food, and that a man or woman, even in "the South," will read what seems most interesting and able. The Pickwickian jokers at Savannah must, of course, have their little biennial joke, but the great laws of nature will perversely continue to operate. Calhoun's works, and Jefferson's works, and Benton's works are published in the free States. The works of W. Gilmore Simms, LL. D., are also published there; and we invite Tupman's attention, and that of the whole club, to this curious fact, that Mr. DeBow, who moved the names of the gentlemen who were to prepare a southern literature, is himself the editor of a review which is printed in New York,* and that the first gentleman upon his list, Professor Bledsoe, is also the author of a work designed to show the great and glorious character of human slavery, and that this book is published in Philadelphia. The fact is—whatever the joke may be—that where there is a large reading public, there will be authors and publishers. The Pickwickians might as well have appointed a committee to secure Summer in January, as to create a literature. They can, indeed, make police regulations. They can institute a vast censorship, as in Rome, and publicly condemn and burn books. And we recommend to the jokers, as a suitable candidate for grand inquisitor of this holy office for the condemnation of any book which tends to disseminate the heresy of human brotherhood, the superintendent of common schools of North Carolina, who, in his letter to school committees, dated April 14, 1856, remarking upon certain schoolbooks, says:

"The houses which publish these works have high national characters; they are not connected with the sectional agitations that are now having such pernicious influence, and they have manifested the most enlightened and liberal kind of enterprise, by trying to promote their interests in a way to benefit us. * * * * * * I can, therefore, cheerfully recommend them to the patronage of our citizens, as well as to their confidence; and, as an instance of the importance of carrying out, in the selection of books, the suggestions of those who have given anxious attention to the whole subject, I may mention that I knew a merchant of our State recently to purchase readers which contain an article strongly reflecting on the South, and are published by bitter and bigoted Abolitionists. I am not blaming the merchant; he only knew the books were used in his section, and, doubtless, had little acquaintance with their contents, or with the character of publishers—matters to which I have given special attention."

What thoughtful tenderness is here! The Hon. C. H. Wiley does not blame the merchant! Amiable Hon. C. H. Wiley! He (the merchant) only knew the books were used in his section! They might have been Bibles, not yet purgated and prepared by the Hon. C. H. Wileys. They might have been books which said God made man in his image; Love thy brother as thyself; Do as you would be done by—instead of, "God made every man in his image—except the black man; Love thy brother as thyself—unless he be a negro; Do as you would be done by—and you know, little dears, if you were Africans, you would wish to be sold as slaves, to enjoy Christian privileges." Such "readers" would not be connected with sectional agitations, and might supply a broad foundation of the proper sentiment on which to rear a southern literature. But unless the Hon. C. H. Wileys are suffered to burn and banish books that are written out of "the South," they will pertinaciously come in. Among others, *Putnam's Monthly* will come in, because there are plenty of readers at "the South" who are interested in the country and its development, and plenty of writers at the South whose articles Maga is always glad to publish—if they are good—and liberally to pay for.

The chances of a literature technically southern, that is, uninspired by any spirit of liberty, and directly advocating slavery, may be inferred from the fact, that the Hon. C. H. Wiley, whom we have just quoted, is the superintendent of schools in North Carolina—that Professor Hedrick was banished from a university in that State last Summer, for saying what might be construed into a condemnation of the system of slavery; and that, in general, a man speaks and writes there in favour of the natural freedom of man at his peril; and yet North Carolina is generally considered as milder in its feeling upon the great question, than any other of the slave States. Mr. Wiley says, that "of the growing *white* population, it will not be one in fifteen, perhaps not one in twenty, who cannot read or write." He allows that, in 1840, "one in every seven and a half of our adult population could not read and write, of whom every two-thirds were women, the mothers, guardians and first teachers of the citizens of the State." If it is remembered that the *white* population is only two-thirds of the inhabitants of the State, the ratio of people who cannot read and write is proportionably changed.

In Massachusetts, in the year 1850, there was only one in every 446 of the whole population who could not read and write; and the same number of the *School Journal*, which contains Mr. Wiley's statement, also contains parts of a "Fourth of July" speech at Raleigh, in which the orator feelingly says: "We may deplore the overthrow of other systems; we may shed tears of sorrow and of patriotic anguish over the disastrous darkness which, even now, seems to be settling on the star of Massachusetts; yet, happen what may, let us be true to ourselves." And he alludes to the glorious "right of free speech," enjoyed by the citizens of the State—Professor Hedrick, for example—forgetful of the Revised Statutes of North Carolina, which set forth, ch. 34, § 74, p. 209, that a white man may be fined or imprisoned for attempting to teach any slave to read or write.

Further than this, which is unpromising for the number of indigenous readers—at least, for the new southern literature—let the Savannah Tupmans and Snodgrasses look for a moment at the actual performance, in "the South," of the "talent enough to do anything" in the way of a literature. Here is our contemporary for December, 1856—the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Its editorial appeal, at the close of the year, says: "The magazine has never been worthier of the hearty support of the Southern public than at present," and again: "The editor asks, with a reasonable confidence, that an augmented share of Southern patronage may be granted to a work which has, for twenty-two years, vindicated the intellectual reputation of the Southern people, and upheld their social institutions under every species of assault."

Now, let us see in what manner this number vindicates the intellectual reputation of the Southern people. It has six prose articles, one of which is merely an account of the circumstances attending the painting of a copy of "The School of Athens," for the Virginia University, three of the others are stories of the most ordinary lady-magazine character; and the two papers in the number which have any value at all, are both selected from English publications. There are seven poems, and, excepting one little song, with a French refrain, they are such verse as is easily written and read with difficulty. This is distinctively the Southern magazine. Does the most credulous Pickwickian believe that, if the Northern books and periodicals and "school-marms" are banished, the delights of life in slave regions will become more patent?

We say such things in no possible spirit of unkindness to our contemporary, but that contemporary, in appealing so entirely to a "Southern," rather than a national or American support, directly challenges scrutiny into its claims and character.

But we have still another specimen of the "talent enough to do whatever is wanted," in the way of "southern literature," and this is purely "southern," in the most technical sense. It is a signal example of that kind of literature for which Tupman need not "go to Old or New England." It is of the sort which may be freely had when "Northern books or papers" are definitively excluded, and is of the kind, in the words of the resolution, "best qualified to elevate and purify the education of the South."

This is the literature to cling to, while the weeping State of North Carolina, with the Hon. C. H. Wiley at its head, holding a cambric handkerchief to his eyes, "may deplore the overthrow of other systems, and may shed tears of sorrow and patriotic anguish over the disastrous darkness which, even now, seems to be settling upon the star of Massachusetts." This is the literature which that eminent superintendent will not "blame" merchants for vending and reading. This effort of the "Southern" genius, to which we invite the attention of the reader, is entitled, "The Hireling and the Slave: Chicora, and other poems. By William J. Grayson. Charleston, 1856." The argument of the poem is thus stated. The human mind attends with delight:

"Slavery is that system of labour which exchanges subsistence for work, which secures a life-maintenance from the master to the slave, and gives a life-labour from the slave to the master. The slave is an apprentice for life, and he owes his labour to his master; the master owes support, during life, to the slave. Slavery is the negro system of labour. He is lazy and improvident. Slavery makes all work, and it insures homes, food, and clothing for all. It permits no idleness, and it provides for sickness, infancy, and old age. It allows no tramping or skulking, and it knows no pauperism."

Who makes the slave "an apprentice for life," and by what claim, and in what manner, "he owes his labour," the gentle Grayson does not say or sing. But he continues:

"All Christians believe that the affairs of the world are directed by Providence for wise and good purposes. The coming of the negro to North America makes no exception to the rule. His transportation was a rude mode of emigration—the only practicable one in his case—not attended with more wretchedness than the emigrant ship often exhibits even now, notwithstanding the passenger law. What the purpose of his coming is we may not presume to judge. But we can see much good already resulting from it—good to the negro in his improved condition; to the country whose rich fields he has cleared of the forest, and made productive in climates unfit for the labour of the white man; to the continent of Africa in furnishing, as it may ultimately, the only means for civilizing its people."

Very "ultimately," we should say.

The implication of this statement is, that slavery is good for the soul of the African, by opening to it a chance for the glorious liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. It is a great Christian scheme. Every native African, who absents himself from the slave barracoon, and refuses to undergo the "rude mode of emigration" to America and heaven, deliberately declines salvation, and must, therefore, be saved against his wicked will. If it is true of one African, it is true of all. The slave-trade is a great missionary institution; and the genius of Christianity, having saved the rest of the world, finally invited Africa to sit down with the redeemed. Now we wish to call Tupman's attention, and that of the gentle Grayson, to the fact, that there is a most reprehensible partiality in this selection of candidates for salvation.

The present writer, "a Northern school-marm" of an uncertain age, and the gentle Grayson, the bard of slavery and salvation, have an equal right to Christian privileges—although the school-marm may be deeply dun in her colour, and the son of song of that lovely pallor peculiar to the unmixed races. In the same way ought not the African, whether old or young, sick or well, to be admitted to the chances of Christianization? Now, we protest it is not so. That eminent missionary, Captain Canot, originally sent out by some West Indian saints to catch bodies and save souls in Africa, in his work, describing his experience in furthering the designs of Providence upon the slave-coast, remarks:

"Upon one occasion, to my great astonishment, I saw a stout and apparently powerful man, discarded by Ormond as utterly worthless. His full muscles and sleek skin, to my unpracticed eye, denoted the height of robust health. Still, I was told that he had been medicated for the market with bloating drugs, and sweated with powder and lemon juice to impart a gloss to his skin. Ormond remarked that these jockey tricks are as common in Africa as among horse-dealers in Christian lands; and, desiring me to feel the negro's pulse, I immediately detected disease, or excessive excitement. In a few days I found the poor wretch abandoned by his owner, a paralyzed wreck in the hut of a village at Bangalang. When a slave becomes useless to his master in the interior, or exhibits signs of failing constitution, he is soon disposed of to a peddler or broker. These men call to their aid a quack, familiar with drugs, who, for a small compensation, undertakes to refit an impaired body for the temptation of greenhorns. Sometimes the cheat is successfully effected; but experienced slavers detect it readily by the yellow eye, swollen tongue, and feverish skin."

We put it to all Christians, including the gentle Grayson, whether a man should lose his candidacy for Christian salvation merely because of bloating drugs and sweating unto sleekness with lemon-juice and gunpowder, which can but affect the perishable body?

We can merely give an idea of the rare beauty and character of this work, which is entirely worthy of its inspiration. Consider the truthfulness of this picture of African candidates who have survived "the rude mode of emigration."

"And yet the life, so unassailed by care,
So blessed with moderate work, with ample fare,
With all the good the starving pauper needs,
The happier slave on each plantation leads;
Safe from harassing doubts and annual fears,
He dreads no famine in unfruitful years;
If harvests fail, from inauspicious skies,
The master's providence his food supplies;
No paupers perish here for want of bread,
Or lingering live, by foreign bounty fed;
No exiled trains of homeless peasants go,
In distant climes to tell their tales of woe:
Far other fortune, free from care and strife,
For work, or bread, attends the negro's life,
And Christian slaves may challenge as their own,
The blessings claimed in fabled states alone—
The cabin home, not comfortless though rude,
Light daily labour, and abundant food,
The sturdy health that temperate habits yield,
The cheerful song that rings in every field,
The long, loud laugh, that freemen seldom share,
Heaven's boon to bosoms unapproached by care,
And boisterous jest and humour unrefined,
That leave, though rough, no painful sting behind;
While, nestling near, to bless their humble lot,
Warm social joys surround the negro's cot,
The evening dance its merriment imparts,
Love, with its rapture, fills their youthful hearts,
And placid age, the task of labour done,
Enjoys the Summer shade, the Winter sun,
And, as through life no pauper want he knows,
Laments no poor-house penance at its close."

We invite the attention of robust carpenters, and masons, and farmers, and labourers of every kind, whose market-value cannot be less than $1,500, if they are only black enough (the State of Virginia, we believe, allows a sixteenth part black blood to qualify for slavery), to the superior advantages of this aspect of the Christian scheme.

We cite, now, some toothsome bits of the gentle Grayson's milder and even more Christian strain. He is speaking of the wicked revilers of slavery—but mark how tenderly he entreats them:

"There, chief and teacher, Gerrit Smith appears,
There Tappan mourns, like Niobe, all tears,
Carnage and fire mad Garrison invokes,
And Hale, with better temper, smirks and jokes;
There Giddings, with the negro mania bit,
Mouths and mistakes his ribaldry for wit,
His fustian speeches into market brings,
And prints and peddles all the dairy things;
The pest and scorn of legislative halls,
No rule restrains him, no disgrace appalls;
Kicked from the House, the creature knows no pain,
But crawls, contented, to his seat again,
Wallows with joy in slander's slough once more,
And plays Thersites happier than before;
Prompt from his seat—when distant riots need
The Senate's aid—he flies with railway speed,
Harangues, brags, bullies, then resumes his chair,
And wears his trophies with a hero's air;
His colleagues scourge him; but he shrewdly shows
A profitable use for whips and blows—
His friends and voters mark the increasing score,
Count every lash and honour him the more.

"There supple Sumner, with the negro cause,
Plays the sly game for office and applause;
What boots it if the negro sink or swim?
He wins the Senate—'tis enough for him.
What though he blast the fortunes of the state
With fierce dissension and enduring hate?
He makes his speech, his rhetoric displays,
Trims the neat trope, and points the sparkling phrase
With well-turned period, fosters civil strife,
And barter's for a phrase a nation's life;
Sworn into office, his nice feelings loathe
The dog-like faithfulness that keeps an oath;
For rules of right the silly crowd may bawl,
His loftier spirit scorns and spurns them all;
He heeds nor court's decree nor Gospel light,
What Sumner thinks is right alone is right.
On this sound maxim sires and sons proceed,
Changed in all else, but still in this agreed:
The sires all slavers, the humaner son
Curses the trade, and mourns the mischief done.
For gold they made the negroes slaves, and he,
For fame and office, seeks to set them free;
Self still the end in which their creeds unite,
And that which serves the end is always right.

"There Greeley, grieving at a brother's woe,
Spits with impartial spite on friend and foe;
His negro griefs and sympathies produce
No nobler fruits than malice and abuse;
To each fanatical delusion prone,
He damns all creeds and parties but his own,
Brawls, with hot zeal, for every fool and knave,
The foreign felon and the skulking slave;
Even Chaplin, sneaking from his jail, receives
The *Tribune's* sympathy for punished thieves,
And faction's fiercest rabble always find
A kindred nature in the *Tribune's* mind;
Ready each furious impulse to obey,
He raves and ravens like a beast of prey,
To bloody outrage stimulates his friends,
And fires the Capitol for party ends.

"There, Seward smiles the sweet perennial smile,
Skilled in the tricks of subtlety and guile;
The slyest schemer that the world e'er saw;
Peddler of sentiment and patent law;
Ready for fee or faction to display
His skill in either, if the practice pay,
But void of all that makes the frank and brave,
And smooth, and soft, and crafty like the slave;
Soft as Couthon when, versed in civil strife,
He sent his daily victims to the knife,
Women proscribed with calm and gentle grace,
And murdered mildly, with a smiling face;
Parental rule in youth he bravely spurned,
And higher law with boyish wit discerned;
A village teacher then, his style betrays
The pedant practice of those learned days,
When boys, not demagogues, obeyed his nod,
His higher law the tear-compelling rod;
While Georgia's guest, a pleasant life he led,
And slavery fed him with her savoury bread,
As now it helps him, in an ampler way,
With spells and charms that factious hordes obey.

"There Stowe, with prostituted pen, assails
One half her country in malignant tales;
Careless, like Trollope, whether truth she tells,
And anxious only how the libel sells,
To slander's mart she furnishes supplies,
And feeds its morbid appetite for lies
On fictions fashioned with malicious art,
The venal pencil, and malignant heart,
With fact distorted, inference unsound,
Creatures in fancy, not in nature found—
Chaste quadroon virgins, saints of sable hue,
Martyrs, than zealous Paul more tried and true,
Demoniac masters, sentimental slaves,
Mulatto cavaliers, and Creole knaves—
Monsters each portrait drawn, each story told!
What then? The book may bring its weight in gold;
Enough! upon the crafty rule she leans,
That makes the purpose justify the means,
Concoct the venom, and, with eager gaze,
To Glasgow flies for patron, pence, and praise,
And for a slandered country finds rewards
In smiles or sneers of duchesses and lords.

"For profits and applauses poor as these,
To the false tale she adds its falser Keys
Of gathered slanders—her ignoble aim,
With foes to traffic in her country's shame.

* * * * * * *

A moral scavenger, with greedy eye,
In social ills her coarser labours lie;
On fields where vice eludes the light of day,
She hunts up crimes as beagles hunt their prey;
Gleans every dirty nook—the felon's jail,
And hangman's mem'ry, for detraction's tale,
Snuffs up pollution with a pious air,
Collects a rumour here, a slander there;
With hatred's ardour gathers Newgate's spoils,
And trades for gold the garbage of her toils.

"In sink and sewer thus, with searching eye,
Through mud and slime unhappy wretches pry;
In fetid puddles dabble with delight,
Search every filthy gathering of the night;
Fish from its depths, and to the spacious bag
Convey with care the black, polluted rag;
With reeking waifs secure the nightly bed,
And turn their noisome stores to daily bread."

With this chivalric burst of the gentle Grayson, we leave that pleasing bard.

This is a fair specimen of the "southern literature" that is intended in the elaborate joke of the Pickwickians at Savannah. The simple truth was stated by Snodgrass. Publishers at the North pay liberally, and therefore, the books that are written at "the South" are not published there. The reason is, that the free spirit of the North encourages and fosters every kind of mental development; and, as one of the instinctive convictions of the human mind is, that men are born free, wherever it is a crime to say so there will never be any literature, and publishers and authors will be few, poor and unknown. Those Savannah wags knew it as well as anybody. It is *literature* itself they oppose. The poor dear "South," of which the club take such care, is full of readers. Those readers may deplore what they call the eternal agitation of the great question; but they must also see that, as it will be agitated until it is settled, they must make up their minds to it, and, in their magazine reading, omit such articles as this, and enjoy such as precede and follow it. They must dine, although there be a skull on the table. They must read what the authors of our time and of all time write, and they know very well that all the greatest men have been lovers and laureates of liberty. If the condition of the perpetuity of slavery were that "the South" should feed upon such literature as may be called, in Tupman's sense, "southern"—the harpings of the gentle Grayson, for example—slavery would be abolished to-morrow. We observe that some Southern newspaper shakes the whip over the head of Willis, because that gentleman said he should vote for Fremont, and announces that his pen has lost its charm for Southern minds. But, if that were so, it is high time for Professor Bledsoe & Co. to go to work; for there can be no doubt in the mind of every intelligent Southern reader that the literature of this country cares no longer to duck, and compliment, and omit, but will speak louder and louder every day, directly and indirectly, against human slavery. The first proper novel in American literature, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is the greatest literary protest against it. That novel is scarcely six years old, and it strikes the key-note of a strain that will not cease. The whole spirit of modern literature is directly humane. There are, therefore, but three ways open to Tupman & Co.—first, to give up reading altogether; second, to read a humane literature, which is, in its very essence, anti-slavery; or, third, to insist that the "talent enough to do what is wanted" shall begin to do it.

We speak for the literature of the country when we say it no longer intends to shiver and turn pale when it speaks of "the South" or Southern institutions. It will treat them as it treats "the North" and Northern institutions. That is to say, it will honour the honourable, and scorn and satirize what is mean. It will treat slavery as a great moral, social, and political blight. It will point to "southern literature," and laws and education, as illustrations of the truth of what it says. Tupman says, "Southern men ought to stop their subscriptions" to our pea-green Maga. Tupman is a droll Pickwickian. Does he suppose that our readers, who live in slave States, necessarily consider slavery sacred, and will content themselves with reading the gentle Grayson? They must have the best in the market for their money. Men in slave States send us valuable articles. They write well, and like to read what is well written. Go to, Tupman! you are speaking in a purely Pickwickian sense when you say we traduce "the South." Is "the South," slavery? We do speak ill of slavery, and we shall often do so. We shoot folly as it flies, and wherever it flies, and wherever it perches. And if folly bloats into crime or fuddles into fury, we shall still shoot away.—*Putnam's Magazine.*

**We wish to do no injustice. No names, either of printer or publisher, appear upon the Magazine, but we have the statement upon good authority.*

**"Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"—Mr. Sumner's answer, when asked whether he would obey the Constitution as interpreted by the authorities of the country.—GRAYSON.*

DR. JOHNSON AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS.

AMONG Johnson's associates at this time may be mentioned Boyse, who, when his shirts were pledged, scrawled Latin verses sitting up in bed with his arms through two holes in the blanket, who composed very respectable sacred poetry when he was sober, and who was at last run over by a hackney coach when he was drunk; Hoole, surnamed the metaphysical tailor, who, instead of attending to his measures, used to trace geometrical diagrams on the board where he sat cross-legged; and the penitent impostor, George Psalmanazer, who, after poring all day, in a humble lodging, on the follies of Jewish rabbis and Christian fathers, indulged himself at night with literary and theological conversation at an alehouse in the city. But the most remarkable of the persons with whom at this time Johnson consorted, was Richard Savage, an earl's son, a shoemaker's apprentice, who had seen life in all its forms, who had feasted among blue ribands in St. James's Square, and had lain with fifty pounds' weight of iron on his legs, in the condemned ward of Newgate. This man had, after many vicissitudes of fortune, sunk at last into abject and hopeless poverty. His pen had failed him. His patrons had been taken away by death, or estranged by the riotous profusion with which he squandered their bounty, and the ungrateful insolence with which he rejected their advice. He now lived by begging. He dined on venison and champagne whenever he had been so fortun